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THE SAGAMORE

BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL

NOVEMBER, 1917

ENLIST FOR SERVICE

UNDER THIS WORLD-WIDE BANNER

HEALTH, RECREATION AND PLEASURE

BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLINE, MASS.

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Subscriptions should be sent to Business Manager, Brookline High School

75c AT SCHOOL
$1.00 BY MAIL

In Memoriam

Harmon Bushnell Craig

Killed on the Field of Honor in France

July Fifteenth, 1917

The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—*Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXIV NOVEMBER, 1917 No. 1

Editorials

Harmon Bushnell Craig

On the sixteenth of July last, a cablegram brought the news that Harmon B. Craig, then serving as an ambulance driver in France, had been killed in action the previous day. The news spread rapidly, not only to his classmates and his broad circle of intimate friends, but to others who had heard of him in his connections at Brookline or at Harvard. Previous to the receipt of this news we had accepted immunity from casualties as a matter of course, but the death of this man who was one of us opened the eyes of Brookline to the fact that our boys in the service are in danger, real danger, and that in this war we are facing a horrible, merciless reality.

Harmon Craig entered Brookline High School and graduated with the class of 1915. From his freshman year he showed remarkable ability along literary lines and contributed regularly to the Sagamore. As a result, in his senior year he was appointed editor-in-chief and led the paper through one of its most successful years. His likeable personality, his ability, his simplicity, and his modesty combined to make him the most popular man in his class, with the result that he was elected class treasurer as a Junior, and class president in his Freshman, Sophomore, and Senior years. Beside

holding these offices, he was manager of baseball, a member of the track team, and one of the "Dramatics" cast for two years. In spite of the time and effort which of necessity he had to devote to these activities, he maintained a scholarship far above the average, keeping a standard of "A" and "B" throughout his course.

In September, 1915, he entered Harvard and continued his literary work by entering the competition for the "Crimson" editorship, and also by becoming an active member of the Harvard Dramatic Club. He was on the way to becoming a leader at Harvard, as he had been at Brookline; but, with the organization of the first Harvard unit, Harmon and his brother, Jack, were among the first to join. After a few months training they were stationed on the Verdun front. Harmon's capability was again recognized and he was appointed senior conductor of his division. On July fifteenth he was working overtime as a special favor to a French lieutenant to whom he had become devotedly attached. With the lieutenant and two stretcher bearers he was filling his ambulance with wounded in a section which was being constantly bombarded. A high explosive shell burst within ten feet of the group, instantly killing both stretcher bearers, horribly wounding the lieutenant, and shattering Harmon's leg at the knee. Steadfastly refusing to be cared for before his friend, the lieutenant, Craig was finally taken to the hospital. The leg was amputated, but to no avail. Losing consciousness only at the last, smiling, courageous, he died within four hours.

It is beyond us to glorify the life or death of this man. His deeds have done that far above our poor power to add or detract. We can only hope to gain inspiration from a life and a sacrifice such as his. Harmon Craig is not a hero of whom we are told, of whom we read, whom we know only by a statue or a picture. Some of us knew him personally. All of us knew of him. He was one of us. May we prove ourselves worthy of his association.

L., '18.

Citation of Harmon B. Craig Upon Being Decorated with the Croix de Guerre.

"He was a conscientious and cool conductor who, under all circumstances while under the enemy fire, gave proof of his devotion and his disdain of danger, and showed, notably on the 28th and 29th of June, the greatest energy in accomplishing his duty along a road that had been discovered and bombarded. He was mortally wounded on July 15 by a bursting shell in front of his post at a moment when he was attending to the removal of wounded under a most violent fire."

After a Rainstorm

I sit me in the woods, the shower o'er;
A perfumed freshness fills the lightened air,
Through dripping trees the golden sun-rays pour
And heavy leaves the glistening dew-drops bear.
The rain-drenched flowers lift their budding heads
And spread their new-born petals to the sun,
The swollen brooklets overflow their beds,
And over mossy rocks their courses run.
Thus all around is beautiful to see,
So far away from sin and strife and pain;
Oh, would then that my weary soul could be
Refreshed and lightened by the gentle rain.
But I, unwilling, must return again
To battle in this world of brutal men.

HARMON BUSHNELL CRAIG, '15.

The Roll of Honor

Volunteers

'01 Ralph Scripture
'02 Carolyn Parker
'03 Leon Allen
'04 Cornelius Beard
Alexander W. Chisholm
'05 Richard C. Floyd
Bartlett Norcross
Phillips W. Page
Wm. J. Pettis, Jr.
Harold Tomlin
'06 John T. Comerford
Arthur Kerrigan
Lawrence Page
'07 Sherwood Blodgett
Charles Hann
Robert McMillan
Henry O'Day
'08 Cyril Bigelow
George Hann
Bryant Hawes
Richard B. Kelleher
Branton H. Kellogg
Joseph Kittredge, Jr.
Coburn Smith
Fred Vesner
'09 Carl Barret
Eugene P. Carver, Jr.
'09 Stewart Chaffee
Harry B. Collins
Eugene B. Floyd
James V. Kelley
Wm. T. Madden
Wm. R. Mattson
Thomas J. Moran
'10 Ansel Cady
Allen Dexter
Robert Emerson
Cherry Head
Hugh Knowlton
Frederick Parchert
Richard B. Peirce
J. Lothrop Priest
Potter Trainer
Thomas O'Connor
11 Clarence Anderson
Henry P. Briggs
Chester W. Jenks
John M. Kingman
William Walizer
'12 Schuyler Dillon
Clarence Donovan
Frederick Estes
Wallace Falvey
Charles U. Farley
Chester Fowler
Leo Handy
Kenneth Henderson
George F. Hussey, Jr.
Edw. A. Manning
George McGillen
Cyril Reynolds
Karl Thielscher
'13 Raymond Collerd
Donald Hobart
Stuart Kaiser
Francis Mahan
Robert Paine
L. Manlius Sargent
Roland Shugg
Julian H. Spitz
Theodore Stewart
J. Freeman Swett
Merrill White
Augustus Wordell
Robert T. Young
'14 John Brainerd
John F. Collins
Blake Cooley
Harold Cooley
Florimond Dusossoit
Norman Kerr
Lyman Lehrburger
Arthur B. Tyler
'15 Fred Baldes
Samuel C. Bartlett, Jr.
Philip Bird
Ivan Cornell
Harmon B. Craig
Donald Field
Joseph W. Homer, Jr.
Andrew Houghton
James R. Moore
Marshall Pursel
Richard B. Salinger
George DeForest
Arthur Shugg
Gordon Stewart
Thomas S. Woods, Jr.

'15 Ralph Carr
'16 John Craig, Jr.,
Oliver Hagan
F. Deane Roberts
Ralph Tedford
'17 Richard Ackermann
Lawrence Bowers
Joseph P. Collins
Leonard Hope
Alfred Leonardi
John Mahler
Harold Trull
W. Stuart Young
'18 Hicks Atwell
Stuart Briggs
Walter Cameron
Harold Gaynor
Renwick McDonald
George D. McMillan
Roger Mills
Warrren O'Mealey
Robert Stanfield
Henry Stevenson
'19 John Ferguson
Lawrence Wogan
Frank Stevens

[Editor's Note: Drafted men and the names of additional volunteers, which are constantly appearing, will receive recognition in later numbers of *The Sagamore*.]

The Call

The great appeal of nations now
Is men, men, men.
Be a *man*.
The grand old call once more is sent;
Once more our energies are bent
To the saving of the freedom
That our fathers died to gain.
Answer, friend, as best you can.
Be a *man*.

The call has come to you, to me.
How can *we* best keep our country free?
Of German tyranny.
Hateful tyranny!
How can *we* best keep our country free?
The land that is dear to you,— to me,
How may we help to keep it free
For liberty, for liberty?

You know your part, so do we all.
Keep up to the standard, set at such a price.
Answer, hearken, list, to the call
To all,
For all,
And respond as best you can
And remember,— be a man.

Be a credit to your flag
Be a man.
Look onward and upward,
Be a man.
Say, "The Stars and Stripes forever"
And, "I'll never fail you, never,
I'll *be* a man.
As best I can
I'll be — a *man*."

E. S. Maynard, '21.

For Uncle Sam

The last rays of the setting sun stole softly through the long windows of the Levanger drawing room, forming a halo about the sweet face and soft white hair of the woman who stood before the huge fireplace.

Beside her stood a stalwart young fellow, and both were gazing upward at a picture hung above the mantel.

"But, Mother," he was saying earnestly, "surely you won't keep me now, when you know how I feel about going! Last night I couldn't sleep, it preyed on my mind so much. When I did finally doze off, it was only to dream of guns and fighting, with myself in the midst of it all. Oh!" he added with sudden vehemence, "I tell you I must go. It's simply killing me to stay here idle, while so many thousand other fellows are sacrificing their lives."

A shadow crossed over the sweet face at his fiery words. "I thought we thrashed all this out last week, Dick," she said. "Indeed I had almost persuaded myself that you had given up the thought of going when you knew how I felt about it."

"Given it up," he cried, "how can I give it up when every day we hear of more horrors, more suffering that the poor people over there have to endure? I tell you all my French blood boils whenever I hear of the awful deeds committed by the enemy, and it seems as if I can't wait to get over there and fight."

"I'm sure," he added with another change of feeling, "that if Dad were alive he'd want me to go and fight for his country." He gazed as he spoke at the pictured face above him, that of a man in uniform, whose features and expression were strangely like his own.

Mrs. Levanger's eyes filled with tears, but she realized that now further persuasion was useless. In the set, earnest face of the son, she read the indomitable will of the father and she bowed before it.

"Very well, Dick," she said. "Go if you must; I cannot keep you. Still, remember you are all I have."

His face, which had lighted up in eagerness and hope, fell at the ominous sound of her words, but he smiled tenderly. "Don't you worry, Mumsey," he assured her, and emphasized it with a bear-like hug, "I shan't get killed, and when the war is over and I've done my bit for France, I'll come back again and you'll soon forget that I ever went away."

As he was speaking she had reached upward and taken from its place above the picture where it had hung, side by side with a tattered emblem of France, an American flag. "Take this with you," she said. "It is the strongest link that I could give you between you and your country."

So Dick took it reverently from her outstretched hands, hurriedly kissed her and strode out of the room.

* * * * * *

A year had passed. For ten months now, Dick Levanger had been in France, fighting day after day, week after week in the French trenches.

He had seen men killed, wounded, taken prisoner, in fact he had seen and experienced all the agonies of war. Still, so far, he had escaped uninjured.

Through all the charges, all the desperate battles, the dashing spirit and heroism of the young American had led the men on, often snatching victory out of defeat, till among all the soldiers he was known as "L' Amèricain brave."

A terrific battle had now been going on for the last three days. Victory for the French meant the capture of the important village of S——— in which was stored quantities of food and ammunition. Defeat meant the loss of several miles of ground just recently acquired, with awful loss of life. There remained but one more line of defense through which to break, and the village would be theirs.

Just now the heavy firing had ceased momentarily, while both sides were preparing for the final attack which each knew would come that afternoon, and which both realized would decide the fate of S——.

The general in charge of the French regiment had decided to stake everything on a sudden, terrific charge, and he had prepared all his best men for this. The time was almost at hand, and, as Dick waited with beating heart the order to charge, his mind drifted back to that final scene in the drawing room at home. A mist swam before his eyes; as in a dream his mother seemed once more to stand beside him and again he heard her words, "Remember, you are all I have." And at that moment he was virtually staring into the grim face of death.

For a moment a pang, almost of fear, entered his heart as he realized his peril. But it vanished as quickly as it came and he suddenly remembered that now he was not fighting for France only, but for his own country, the United States.

That day had come wonderful news: America had cast her lot with the Allies for the peace and safety of humanity. On wings of lightning, the news had traveled far over the seas; had spread over Europe, and had even penetrated the heart of France, into the trench where Dick Levanger was on the point of offering his life for her.

But now, he thought with joy, he could give his life, if need be, for Uncle Sam, and at the thought, fear left his heart and steadfast courage took its place.

Then, suddenly, like a pistol shot piercing through his thoughts, came the order, "Charge!" Dick found himself, bayonet in hand, leaping from the trench, with hundreds of others. Even as they reached the top, a storm of shrapnel greeted them.

Men fell, wounded and dying, but still the line pressed on. Then a second volley; more men fell, and the air resounded with the groans of the injured and the incessant boom of the huge guns. The French line wavered, then fell back, helpless in the face of the firing. The day was about to be lost; lost within sight of victory.

Suddenly Dick remembered the flag that his mother had given him on his departure, and which he always carried, folded inside his coat.

Hastily he snatched it out, and with a muttered prayer for pardon, he ran it through with the end of his bayonet, and waved it on high.

In his excitement he spoke in English. "Come on, you fellows," he shouted, "here's Old Glory, we'll show 'em whether they can trample over Uncle Sam or not."

What mattered the fact that they did not understand the words? What mattered the fact that it was not their flag? Those gallant French soldiers heard only a voice thrilling with courage, daring them on in the face of defeat, while the Stars and Stripes waved on high. Bravely they responded, following that banner through a hail of bullets, while Dick, exultant, led them on.

Then, suddenly, a knife seemed to penetrate his heart, and another his arm; the flag dropped from his nervelesss fingers, and with a groan he fell. Still, even then, the day was not lost, for another soldier, close behind, saw him fall, saw the banner drop, and with a rush he rescued it. "En Avant," he cried, and once more Old Glory floated on the air, held aloft in the hands of a Frenchman. The enemy, unable to withstand the terrific onslaught, weakened, gave way, and in another hour S——— had fallen into the hands of the French.

* * * * * * *

Almost six hours later Dick opened his eyes. A sweet face, framed in a white cap was bending over him, gently bandaging his arm. Weakly his eyes closed again, only to reopen and fall, startled, upon a banner, draped over the bottom of his cot.

For a moment it swam before him, but finally he recognized it as his flag, the flag he had carried to victory. Faintly he spoke, "Who won?"

A voice, in French, answered him from somewhere, thrilling with pride and exultation. "We did," it said, "or rather you, with your flag, Old Glory, won it for us."

A brilliant description followed, but Dick heard none of it. Only one phrase kept ringing through his head, crowding out all others. He closed his eyes and whispered it softly, "I won, I won the day ——— for ——— Uncle ——— Sam." Then once more he drifted into blissful unconsciousness.

Iris Woodman, '19.

A French Poilu

Have you ever thought about the French Poilu who is fighting over there, "somewhere in France," for his country, for *our* country, to free the world from the yoke of Prussianism? Have you ever tried to put yourself in the place of those dauntless French soldiers from the invaded district who are facing the dangers and hardships of warfare, without any means of finding out whether their families have been killed — or worse, without that encouragement or aid from home which means so much to a soldier in the trenches?

Of course you have, in a vague, indistinct sort of way; but did you realize that you could help them, not by just knitting for the "Red Cross" or giving some of your hard-earned pennies to the "French Wounded," but by writing to one of them and sending some soldier a word of cheer and comfort.

You don't need to be an expert in French; many of those who are writing have studied only one, two, or perhaps three years. It is not the way you say it or the grammar you use; it is what you say. My own French soldier, when I told him that I was going away for the summer, and I wouldn't be able to write very grammatically, as my French teacher couldn't correct my letters, then, wrote back, "Mistakes don't make any difference, I won't mind at all if you will only write!"

The "Oeuvre, mon Soldat" is an organization which obtains the names of French soldiers who have not heard from their families, sometimes since August, 1914. These names are given to anyone who will correspond with a French Poilu, and may be obtained by writing to Mr. Neeser, the American agent of the Oeuvre, at 247 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Marjorie Smith had been corresponding for several months with one of these French soldiers when, one day, she received a letter bearing her name and with a French stamp in the corner. She opened it and was much surprised to find that it began "Cher

monsieur;" however, she read on further. It proved to be a letter from a French boy, twenty years old, who had not heard from his family, and had become so discouraged and disheartened that, in despair, he had written this letter, and sent it to the "Oeuvre," begging that somebody write to him and take a little interest in him. The Oeuvre, having Miss Smith's name as correspondent with a French Poilu, sent the letter on to her.

Here it is:

Aux Armées

Le mercredi 22 Août 1917.

Cher Monsieur,

Je suis un jeune poilu de l'armée Française qui combat contre la Grande Allemagne et je vous assure que ce n'est pas le rêve. Toutefois j'ai bon espoir que nous serons tout de même victorieuse.

Mais je m'empresse de me présenter. Je suis de la classe 1916 et par conséquent j'ai 20 ans, je suis enrôlé dans un régiment de l'avant et sans cesse nous combattons les maudits boches. Je suis de Sens (pays envahis) et je n'ai plus du tout de famille.

Ainsi je suis seul et abandonné dans mon régiment et je vous promets que si ce n'étaient les bons camarades que j'ai avec moi je me laisserais aller bien souvent au désespoir et au découragement.

Vous ferez donc une trés bonne veuvre et pourrez me montrer la grandeur de votre bon coeur en me recherchant une marraine de guerre qui m'enverrait des petits paquets et un peu d' argent.

En outre vous pourrez assurer à cette bonne personne que je lui écrirai trés souvent pour lui envoyer de mes nouvelles et lui dire ce qui se passe dans ma trancheé.

Je pense que les dons et les douces lettres de cette marraine révée que vous me procurerez me remettront le coeur d'aplomb et me donneront plus de courage pour combattre. J'espère qu'il en sera ainsi.

D'ailleurs, cher monsieur, malgré que je sois un inconnu pour vous je pense avoir de vos nouvelles et que nous ferons ample connaissance par lettres.

Excusez ma hardiesse de vous écrire ainsi mais j'espère être tout excusé quand je vous dirai que je suis un brave poilu de l'avant

qui a fait toute la somme et qui a même en l'honneur d'y être blessé.

Mon plus grand désir sera de vous avoir aussi pour correspondant car j'aime beaucoup les Americains et la Grande Amérique me tente beaucoup.

D'ailleurs la France en s'alliant avec l'Amérique a peut-être fait là, la seule alliance vraiment digne d'elle.

Enfin, cher monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous quitter en vous envoyant mes toutes sincères salutations et mes meilleurs sentiments de gratitude.

JEAN DUTHEUIL,
Envoi du citoyen Jean Dutheuil, soldat à la 2é Compagne du,
142é Rgt. d'Infanterie,
Secteur Postal 202.

This is the story of only one French Poilu whose home is in ruins and who has had no word from his family. There are many others just like him, more than we like to think of, discouraged, homesick, and yet fighting on with that plucky perseverance so characteristic of the French.

After all, what are we studying French for if we can't bring a bit of cheer into the life of some poor *Poilu* like this?

MARGARET SPAULDING, '19.

Enlisted

They gave us a little training
With a uniform and gun.
We're not quite sure what there is to do,
But we're going to lick the Hun!

We've come across the country
By a route we do not know.
We're sailing to-night on troop-ships,
And none knows where we go.

For we're off to join the British
And hear the things they've done.
We're going to see the Poilus
And we're going to lick the Hun!

MIRIAM HUSSEY, '18.

Concerning Mr. Fradd

MR. FRADD
(Courtesy of Brookline Townsman)

The school learns with infinite regret that Mr. Fradd, our Physical Director and Coach, has accepted a position with the Y. M. C. A. for service in France. Mr. Fradd has enlisted in this service for one year only, and at the end of that time he intends to resume his work at Brookline High.

An exponent of the "Ever-ready Willingness to Please," Mr. Fradd has become intensely popular with the student body even though he has been with us but six months. As a result of his tactics of working the school into a good humor by his talks in the hall (tactics which have been sadly neglected by the funereal pleaders for support in the past) he has succeeded in arousing a considerable interest in school activities; and we are happy to say that, consequently, school spirit is approaching respectability. In spite of this, however, we are still distinctly inferior to the Waltham enthusiasm for school activities to which Mr. Fradd has been accustomed. We sincerely hope that upon his return we shall be able to show him a marked improvement in this respect.

In behalf of the school, then, we wish Mr. Fradd all kinds of good luck for his service in France, and hope for his speediest return to B. H. S.

The Senior's are doing their bit for the "Sag,"
The Juniors don't seem to be chewing the rag,
We hope that the Sophs and the Freshmen won't lag,
Oh, boy! How the money rolls in!

G. B.

On Monday I buy creamed potatoes, oh my!
On Tuesday and Wednesday I partake of pie;
On Thursday and Friday, more food, while I sigh —
"Oh, gosh, how the money rolls out!"

A DRAYMA IN ONE ACT

(Curtain rises, discovered our old friends, teacher and pupil.)

Teacher: — "What does 'tenant un cheval en main' mean?"

(Note: Said phrase means "holding a horse by the bridle.")

Pupil: — "Holding a horse in the hand."

Teacher: — "Guess again."

Pupil (tragically): — "Holding a horse by the hand."

(Curtain descends slinkily and slitherishly.)

Cain: — "I haven't seen Ruth for a month."

Abel: — "How ruthless!"

Miss S. — "In a ballad, what happens to the hero?"

McP. — "He kills the villain, and then the villain kills him."

C-un-n (reciting): — "J'irai à-à-à-à——"

Miss H. (tartly): — "This is a French class, not a doctor's office."

Unique translation: — "To whom will I, your father and formerly called your wife, be left?"

Guest: — "I haven't had such a pleasant time since Father died.

Bolton: (after talk is given, asking for candidates for a school orchestra): — "I guess anyone who grew potatoes this summer could play the tuba (tuber).

F-n says that the thing that impressed him as the best farming exhibit was the canned parrots.

A LAMENT

Oh, I'd like to, but I won't
Punch and hit and kick and maul 'em,
Those who can and simply don't
Hand in bubbles to this column.

You could help us if you would
Be a good old sport and do it.
When you hear a joke that's good,
Hand it in. Come on — go to it!

We were not aware that the swarthy Memnon had anything to do with the fall of Troy, but, according to D. R.:

"There, surrounded by troops Laocoon (lay a coon)."

IN LATIN

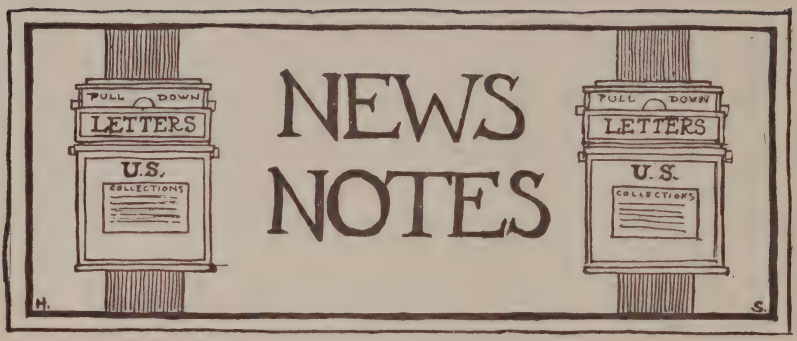
Belden; — "The Moors feasted on leather cushions."

Sitting on the steak, as it were.

Miss S. — "What was the poet's purpose in writing 'The Sands o' Dee'?"

Voice Outside: — "To earn some money."

Next month Barbarous Ballads By Brookline's Boldest Buccaneers.



Nov. 2. Brookline *vs.* Boston Latin at Brookline.
Nov. 8. B. H. S. Debating Club meeting.
Nov. 9. Brookline *vs.* Cambridge Latin at Cambridge (League game).
Nov. 13. Girls' Debating Club meeting.
Nov. 15. B. H. S. Debating Club meeting.
Nov. 16. Open football date.
Nov. 16. Second Social, Shailer Hall.
Nov. 22. B. H. S. Debating Club.
Nov. 23. Open football date.
Nov. 24. Brookline *vs.* Revere at Revere.
Nov. 27. Girls' Debating Club meeting.
Nov. 29. (Thanksgiving day a.m.) Brookline *vs.* Newton at Newton (League game).

The Powers that Be

THE SAGAMORE BOARD:—See title page.

THE B. H. S. DEBATING CLUB: President, Alfred Shapiro, '18; Vice-president, W. Barton Leach, '18; Secretary, Richard Bowers, '20; Rhetorical Committee: Chairman, U. Archibald Ridley, '18; Richard Ehrlich, '18; Donald Wilbur, '20.

THE GIRLS' DEBATING CLUB: President, Miriam Doan, '18; Vice-president, Doris Neal, '18; Secretary, Elizabeth Sutherland,

'18; Rhetorical Committee: Chairman, Harriet Bridgman, '18, Margaret Spaulding, '19, Eleanor Shaw, '20.

The Officers of the Senior Class: President, W. Barton Leach; Vice-president, Harriet Gulick; Treasurer, Philip Threshie; Secretary, Doris Neal.

The Officers of the Junior Class: President, James Duane; Vice-president, Mildred Moody; Treasurer, Charles O'Hearn; Secretary, Helen Skinner.

The Officers of the Sophomore Class and the Freshman Class: See next issue.

The Football Team: Captain, Wallace Putnam, '18; Manager, Malcolm Dresser, '18.

The Crew: Captain, U. Archibald Ridley, '18.

The Baseball Team: Captain, Philip Threshie, '18; Manager, W. Barton Leach, '18.

The Swimming Team: Captain, U. Archibald Ridley, '18; Manager, Thomas Dooley, '19.

The Track Team: Captain, Theodore Spitz, '18; Manager, William Kendrick, '18.

The Boys' Tennis Team: Manager, Charles O'Hearn, '19.

The Girls' Tennis Team: Captain, Kathleen Walsh, '19; Manager, Josephine Atkins, '18.

The Golf Team: Captain James Duane, '19; Manager Thomas Taylor, '19.

The Rifle Team: Captain, Carol McPherson, '19; Manager, L. Whitcomb, 18.

School opened September 10 with an attendance of 700 pupils. Several changes have been made in the school building. We have now a separate school library with an efficient librarian in the person of Miss Davis. Five hundred dollars has been appropriated by the town to purchase books and magazines for the use of the pupils. The former teachers' room has been converted into Miss

Harris's office, while a new teachers' room has been constructed adjoining the library.

On September 17 the case of The Sagamore was presented somewhat humorously in Shailer Hall by W. Barton Leach '18, urging the necessity of subscriptions and literary contributions to The Sagamore. Coach Fradd and Philip Threshie, '18, then addressed the school. Both asked that the members of the student body join the Athletic Association and support the athletic teams by their financial backing.

Twenty-five boys from the High School worked on the Lawson estate at Egypt, Mass., from June 15 to October 1, under the personal direction of Mr. Chisholm. Eighty-five acres were planted and successfully harvested. Several other B. H. S. fellows were at an agricultural camp at Topsfield, Mass. In all 1,600 Massachusetts school boys spent their summer working on farms under the supervision of the government. The project proved to be a great success and it is expected that the plan will be continued next year as the farmers were well satisfied with this, as a solution to the problem of farm labor.

On October 2 Alfred Shapiro, '18, president of the B. H. S. Debating Club and Miriam Doan, '18, president of the Girls' Debating Club addressed the school in behalf of these school organizations. They both asked that more interest be shown in debating and urged that more members join the clubs.

On Friday, October 5, at 10.15 a.m., the second quota of Brookline's drafted men left for Ayer. Mr. Akers arranged that the whole school assemble on the sidewalk outside the building to cheer the drafted men as they marched by.

On Tuesday, October 9, the Girls' Debating Club held a "Middy Blouse" party in Shailer Hall. Following a brief address of welcome by Miriam Doan, '18, the president, an entertainment was given. Among those who did the honors on the stage were Page Williams,' 19, Kathleen Walsh, '19, Iris Woodman, '19, Ina Bentley,'20, Mary Gordon,'19, Barney Tucker,'18, Harriet Gulick, '18, and Doris Neal, '18.

After a year's teaching in Oakland, California, Miss Adams

has returned to resume her position as head of our German department. Mr. Jordan is now an instructor at the University of California.

Miss Wright, formerly of the Devotion School, has taken Miss Churchill's place in the history department.

On Tuesday morning, October 16th, the school assembled in Shailer Hall. Mr. Akers urged on the good work of sending Christmas packages to our boys who are in the service, stating that all presents must be mailed by November 15th, if the boys are to receive them for the holiday. Then W. Barton Leach, '18, presented the cause of the Senior Class in an attempt to build up co-operative feeling between the student body and the alumni, and to awaken the lagging school spirit by a series of afternoon "socials" of which the first was to be held Thursday, October 25. Afterward the school sang "Keep the Home Fires Burning" under the direction of Mr. Cole, with favorable results, judging by the way the piano was completely lost.

A new quarterly magazine is in the process of organization under the direction of Miss Mahoney of "The Book Shop," 164 Boylston Street. It is intended that high and prep Schools all over the country will subscribe and contribute to this magazine, making it, as Mr. Fradd would say, "a national institution." It will be issued directly by student editors without censorship of any kind, in the hope that the contributors will express their ideas, with absolute freedom, concerning the literature of the day. Brookline has been especially honored in having three editorships placed at her disposal, no other school having more than one. The students selected by Miss Mahoney for these positions are U. Archie Ridley, '18, W. Barton Leach, '18, and Conrad Salinger, '19. Wallace Putnam, '18, is to be artist for the magazine.

Personal Items

"Dick" Bowers, '20, has given four dances in Whitney Hall, September 28, October 5, October 13, and October 20, at which Brookline's "talent" has attended in force. They hailed from everywhere, Hawaii to Forest Hills.

Henry Stevenson, '19, Roger Mills, '19, and "Heinie" Horn, '18, have been granted releases by the Navy Department, that they may finish their courses at B. H. S.

Robert McMillan, '19, and Alfred Shapiro, '18, have received appointments as correspondents for the Chronicle and Townsman respectively.

According to Leach's appearance, when he landed in the chemistry laboratory, after a period of tag football, we should judge that if said games continue indefinitely the "Sag" will be out one perfectly good Editor-in-Chief.

"1921"

While walking down the corridor, just turn and take a look.
Now, see those pupils walking through the realms of Mr. Cook;
They're Freshmen!

You see them here; you see them there, in fact, you see them ev'rywhere.
They push against you, crowd you; hence, you look at them and glare.
They're Freshmen!

They swagger down the hallway with a look of "do or die."
Why, man! they're thick as berries in a huckleberry pie.
Yes, Freshmen!

When we were in the freshman class, not many years ago,
We then were few and dared not say much more than "yes" or "no."
When Freshmen!

But now they seem to own the place, and don't it beat the Dutch.
'Cause, Gee, they don't do anything, they don't amount to much.
'Cept Freshmen.

Charles O'Hearn, '19.

In response to Coach Fradd's call for candidates for the football team, a large squad came out, and the prospects for a good team are very bright. The line has been hard hit by graduations, not one regular of our championship team of last year returning. However, there is a great deal of good material to work with, and Coach Fradd expects to build up a strong line. We have been more fortunate in the backfield as every member of last year's team has returned except Fred Bowditch, who played quarterback. Among the most promising of the new men are: Bowker, McMahon, Duane, Ridley, Plaisted, Tucker, Walker, Ball, and Nickerson. McMahon seems to be the best man for center, while Tucker, Walker, and Ball fight it out for the guard positions. Bowker will hold down right tackle, with the other side as yet undecided, and Ridley, Plaisted, and Nickerson are the choice for ends.

BROOLINE, 17; NATICK, 0

On Friday afternoon, September 28, our team was given its first test of the season when it defeated Natick, at Brookline field. The team showed much strength and spirit, but still needs more practice to be in perfect shape. Our backfield showed up very well and repeatedly found holes in Natick's line for long gains. Tucker kicked a pretty drop from the 30-yard line, and also played a good game as guard. Ridley, Bowker, and McMahon were the main stays of our defense, while Duane, quarterback, handled the team in good shape.

BROOKLINE, 0; HAVERHILL, 10

On the gloomy afternoon of Saturday, October 6, our boys traveled up to the new stadium of Haverhill High, where they were defeated for the first time since October 10, 1915, in one of the fiercest battles ever witnessed in school football. Our men were greatly out-weighed by Haverhill's heavy team, but they put up such a strong game that their opponents had to resort to every trick they had in order to come out on the long side of the score. The only bright spot in the game for our team was a play by Duane, who received the ball on his own one-yard line, when an attempted field goal had failed, and ran it back forty yards.

During the entire four periods Captain Putnam excited the admiration of the spectators by repeatedly breaking up end runs and tackle plays, smashing through the interference and dropping the back for a loss. Indeed, the entire team, although laboring under a weight handicap of nearly thirty pounds to the man, put up as game a fight as it has ever been our pleasure to witness.

BROOKLINE, 0; EVERETT, 13

At Brookline Field, Columbus Day, October 12, our team was forced to taste defeat at the hands of Everett's strong team. The score does not give any correct idea of the game, as Everetts' two touchdowns were both results of long forward passes, which our defense should have stopped. As a result, we have marked up as a defeat against us a game which should have been a tie score. Bowker was the star of the game for Brookline. He repeatedly stopped Everett's backs from gains by his quick playing, and was also our chief factor on the offensive. Duane showed good open field running in rushing Everett's punts back. Ridley and Mills also played well.

WALTHAM, 7; BROOKLINE, 3

In a game full of flukes and penalties, Brookline lost to the Watch City eleven by a score of 7 to 3. Backed by the support of a Brookline contingent which did the school proud, our boys outplayed and outrushed the Waltham team throughout the game,

and to all appearances would have smothered them if at critical periods the referee had not stepped in and spoiled our chances.

The first score of the game came in the second quarter when Tucker kicked a goal from the field after McMahon had recovered a fumbled punt.

In the third quarter, Brookline had the ball on their own forty-yard line, when the backfield fumbled and McGahan, the former Waltham captain, picked up the ball and ran forty yards for a touchdown. Smith kicked the goal.

Two forty-yard runs by Captain Putnam after intercepting forward passes, fine line plunging by Threshie, and a successful forward to Ridley, put the ball within Waltham's five-yard line three times in the last quarter, only to be called back by penalties. After "Put" had made a fifteen-yard plunge through the center of the line, the ball was called back on an unfair charge of holding, and the captain was put out of the game for a too frank expression of opinion.

Although nominally a defeat, the coach and the team are elated over the Waltham game. It proved conclusively that we have a well-developed line, the usually clever backfield, and a team that is capable of giving Newton the licking of its life.

Especial mention must be made of Tucker's accurate kicking, and his hard, clean playing throughout the game. He doesn't often get excited but when "Barney's" two hundred odd goes on the warpath like it did at Waltham, deliver us from being in the immediate vicinity.

BROOKLINE	WALTHAM
Nickerson, Ball, Snow, l.e.	l.e., McGahan
Bowker, l.t.	l.t., Lindberg
Horn, l.g.	l.g., Mosher
McMahon, c.	c., Eastman
Tucker, r.g.	r.g., Beamish
Joyce, O'Hare, r.t.	r.t., Wheeler, French
Ridley, r.e.	r.e., Barnes, Frame
Plaisted, r.h.b.	r.h.b., Veno
Threshie, f.	f.b., Manza
Putnam, Ball, l.h.b.	l.h.b., Frame, Peary
Duane, q.	q.b., Smith

Score, Waltham 7, Brookline 3. Touchdown, McGahan. Goal from touchdown, Smith. Goal from field, Tucker. Umpire, Farmer. Referee, Caldwell. Head linesman, Handrahan. Time, 12 m. periods.

'11. ISABEL HOUGHTON has accepted the position as Sewing Instructor in the Amesbury Grammar School, and as manager of High School lunch room.

FREEMAN SWETT, '12

'11. ELIZABETH GIBBS is studying this winter at the School of Applied and Fine Arts, New York.

'12. FREEMAN SWETT, who joined the ambulance service in France last summer, is on his way home.

'12. GEORGE F. HUSSEY, JR., is an ensign aboard the *U. S. S. Pennsylvania*.

'13. ROLAND SHUGG graduated from West Point and is now seeing service in the Field Artillery at San Antonio, Texas.

'14. NORMAN H. KERR is in training at Plattsburg.

'15. MARION LAWSON has accepted the position of kindergarten teacher in Madam Achard's School, Brookline.

'15. CAROL GULICK is a Junior at Smith.

'15. MARY HOUGHTON enters this fall a two years' course at the Boston School of Physical Education.

'15. MARGUERITE AYRES is now living in Newton, and is taking a course of study at Radcliffe.

NORMAN KERR, '14

'15. THEODORE ROBBINS is a senior at the College of Pharmacy, Boston.

'15. MARGARET X. DANIELS enters her junior year at Simmons.

MARGARET DANIELS, '15

'16. ELLIOT BROWN enters Havaford College this fall, after a successful year at Moses Brown.

'16. FRANKLIN WHITNEY is a real estate broker in the office of Whitcomb and Company, Boston.

'17. STEWART YOUNG is on the *U. S. S. Arcady*, and expects to be stationed at Provincetown within the month.

'17. CARLETON SHUGG is now at Annapolis. Unlike his brother he is devoting his services to the navy.

Ex. '17. LEONARD BUTLER has joined the French Ambulance service and is now in France.

Ex. '18. ROSAMOND ALLEN and ELIZABETH RINTELS successfully passed their college entrance exams, and are now freshmen at Smith.

Ex. '18. EDWARD T. MATSUKI is in the insurance business with Wm. G. Hamilton Co.

Ex. '19. OLIVER HAGAN, Jr., has been serving in the American Field Service in France. Having enlisted for six months only, his time expired last month and he has returned to Brookline. His brother, "Bill" Hagan, ex.'17, is still with the Ambulance Corps on the other side.

Ex. '17. WARREN F. LAURENCE is another who has been with the American Ambulance drivers.

'14. "HYMAN" LEHRBURGER is also in France, but he has chosen the 101st U. S. Engineers as his branch of the service.

During his training he lost considerable avoirdupois with the result that he is quite an Apollo, if anyone ever saw a bow-legged Apollo.

Ex. '17. (Ex. '14, Ex. '15, Ex. '16 are as truthful). "Billy Turtle, that glorious roving center, is playing lawyer, politician, and newspaper boy all at once in the State House.

Ex. '15. Fred Mongey has been hustling back and forth between Westfield and Boston, trying to keep the Headquarters troop of the 17th Division, in which he is a first sergeant, supplied with socks and manicure sets.

Ex. '18. "Dick" Johnson is at Hotchkiss School, Conn., and is playing back on the football team. He is having some trouble with his eyes and may have to return to Brookline. Glad to see you, again, Dick. "Every cloud has a silver lining," as they say.

The Passing of an Army

All night, all night, I hear their tread,
  All night they pass me by.
With faces grim they leave their homes,
  Prepared to fight and die.

All night I hear their muffled tramp
  And see their bayonets gleam
Unceasing, on to war they march
  Like spectres in a dream.

I see their swaying bodies move
  In never-ending line.
From darkness into void they go
  To worship at Death's shrine.

To this relentless God of War
  They pledge their very souls
While Death lurks near each cannon's flash
  To reap her human tolls.

What fallacy of Man is War!
  How slow doth progress plod!
When we have learned to live in peace
  We shall be nearer God.

Harmon Bushnell Craig, '15.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—*Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXIV DECEMBER, 1917 No. 2

Editorials

Recently, the Senior Class expressed its knowledge of the lack of school spirit in Brookline and its determination not to leave its part undone towards establishing a loyalty to the school among the undergraduates. The Afternoon Socials were the first step towards this end, and the following proposed "Honorary Society" is the second. Through it, we hope to instill a desire to make good, both in scholarship and in school activities and, by providing a motive, to increase participation in the affairs of the school, which in itself constitutes school spirit. With so little space at our disposal much explanation is impossible. Therefore, we have tried to put the matter as simply as possible, at the same time covering the subject completely. Further than this, the following tentative constitution of the "Honorary Society" explains itself.

Proposed Honorary Society

I. Purpose.

A. To stimulate pupils to a higher grade of scholarship and to increase participation in athletic and non-athletic activities.

II. Means.

A. By making it a coveted honor to belong to this society and to enjoy its consequent privileges.

III. Membership.

A. To be gained only by actual accomplishment in two or more of the three lines in which the school deals—i. e., scholarship, athletics and non-athletic activities.

B. Eligibility.

1. No student is eligible if he has received a mark of E for a year's work in any subject.

2. No student is eligible until February of his Junior year.

3. A student, to be eligible, must have acquired at least six points in the following table.

a. Points are awarded by the Faculty advisors of the various activities.

IV. Rules governing table of points.

A. The points are divided into three classes:

(1) Scholarship, (2) Athletics, (3) Non-athletic activities.

1. No more than four points in any one of these classes may be reckoned for membership in the Society.

2. Begining with the Class of 1920, at least two points must be obtained in scholarship.

B. The classes are sub-divided into

(2) the various athletic teams, and (3) the various non-athletic activities.

1. No more than two points may be gained in (2) any one branch of athletics or (3) any one activity.

C. Scholarship.

1. All points for scholarship are awarded according to marks for a year's work.

a. The first half of the Junior year or the first half of the Senior year may be considered as one year.

V. Table of points.

A. Scholarship. (Physical training excluded).

Each A.	1 point
Each B, more than four	½ point

B. Athletics.

1. Teams

Letter	1 point
Captaincy	2 points
Managership	2 points

2. Athletic Council.

President	1 point

C. Non-athletic Activities.

1. Class offices, Junior and Senior only.

Class president	2 points
Class treasurer	1 point
Chairman, Senior Committee	1 point

2. Sagamore

Editor-in-chief	2 points
Business Manager	2 points
Editorial Staff	1 point
Advertising Manager	1 point
Subscription Manager	1 point

3. Dramatics.

Major part	2 points
Minor part	1 point
Manager	2 points
Assistant Manager	1 point

4. Debating.

Inter-Scholastic Team	2 points

5. Prize Speaking.

Final Contestant	1 point

VI. Privileges of members.

1. To reject by two-thirds vote any candidate accepted by the faculty.
2. Upon acceptance by the faculty and the members, to be presented with membership before the entire school in morning assembly.
   a. Statement of accomplishments by head master.
   b. Head master presents membership and the emblem of the order.
3. To have a place of honor on the platform at all assemblies of the school.
4. To promote and manage such functions as the Friday afternoon socials.

VII. Meetings.

1. First week in October and first week in February.
2. Special meetings as necessary.

VIII. Officers.

1. President.
   a. Automatically chosen as the member who has most points to his credit.
2. Treasurer.
   a. The head master.

IX. Interpretation.

1. All questions of interpretation of these rules are decided by the head master.

L., '18

Consistency

Young Professor Mooney prided himself upon the freedom of discussion which prevailed in his classes. The advanced theories of his students filled him with delight, and he believed himself accomplishing a great good as he broke down the past traditions and conventions.

English B, which was his most cherished division, was in full session. A certain tenseness in the air was to be accounted for by the presence of a white-haired, kindly faced old gentleman, who listened to the various recitations with a calm interest. The subject under discussion was self-sacrifice to parents. A simple little story of the destruction of a career in this way, was the basis of the comments. The hour approached the end. Professor Mooney glanced at his guest. Now he should hear the prize pupil, she who had so thoroughly absorbed the newer point of view.

"Miss Brown—your comments, please."

Kathleen Brown, age twenty, appearance attractive, manner determined, arose. Wrath was expressed in every line of her youthful figure.

"The heroine of this story is hopelessly twisted in her point of view. The myth of duty to parents, when that duty could be performed by someone else hired for the purpose equally well is outlived. Such a story could not take place today. The modern woman cherishes her duty to the world, to herself, to her talent. Progress can no longer be halted by the yielding to a clinging affection. I regard this woman as a——"

B-r-r-r-r-r, went the bell that announced the end of the period. Laughing and talking, the group straggled out of the room. Professor Mooney heaved a proud sigh and turned expectantly to his guest. Miss Brown had done well. Now indeed was he shown as an advanced teacher, a progressive man.

"Bosh!" said the old man, "Stuff and nonsense. The modern woman—myth of duty to parents before the world—humph! She doesn't know what she's talking about."

"But, sir, surely you appreciate Miss Brown's stand. She bases her answer on that theory I bring out in my little book—if I may quote. 'A talent is a sacred duty. It cannot be put aside for human affection which is supremely selfish.' Surely, now you catch her point, sir. She will prove a great woman in holding to that principle."

"If that young woman lived up to what she said she would be a selfish egotist! But she doesn't know what she's saying. What you ought to develope is a little human feeling!"

With these words the old man left the room. Professor Mooney looked after him regretfully. Too late, too old to see the bigger point of view. Ah, well, Miss Brown at least would carry his doctrine into practice. How fortunate the young could grasp and further such truths!

Kathleen Brown ran gaily down the steps of Recitation Hall. The day had been a successful one. She laughed aloud as she thought of the scorned heroine. How could women be such fools? Why, even she with her New England background, had passed that point of useless self immolation. So thinking, she passed along to her own home, near the college campus. As she opened the door a strange sense of quiet met her. What could it mean?

"O Kathie," this was little Bobbie, who came running to her. "Kathie, Mummsie's hurt her back. She fell down stairs—an' look, Kathie——"

But Kathleen, her heart beating uncomfortably was already in her mother's room.

"O Kathie, I'm so glad you've come, dear. They tell me I must stay here for months and months. O Kathie, don't let them get a strange woman here. You'll look after us, won't you—won't you?"

"I just will. Don't you worry one bit. There, now I'll go and get you some nice hot tea. Don't you dare think, another anxious thought."

But it was that evening when the test came, that evening when the realization of just what giving up the last year at Wels-

clif would mean. It was Kathleen, the Puritan, however, who answered her father's suggestions for a nurse, with—"Do you think I'd let a strange woman come here when mother wants me? I just guess this is the chance to prove if my education's worth anything. As for my friends I won't lose them—not if they 're real friends. So here I stay. Now, not a word more, dear."

As she kissed her father's anxious face, the light of relief which came to his eyes was surety enough that she was doing the best thing. Dear old Dad! He carried so much already.

Thus it happened that Miss Brown, the modern, progressive upholder of development of oneself was lost forever—and what is more, completely forgotten by Kathleen.

The next day she faced the white-haired old gentleman. It was none other than President Atwood of Welsclif.

"You are telling me that you're giving up this year to help out at home? My dear, come back, come back next year and you'll be welcome. But, O dear me—I must tell Mooney!"

The Charge of the Latin Brigade.

Half a page, half a page,
Half a page further,
There goes the bell of fate,
I know no letter.
Forward to "16B";
This is the death of me.
O, how I wish I'd learned
This lesson better.

"Construction of 'ceteri,'"
Deep, abject misery—
She had not asked of me
All I remembered.
Mine not to make reply,
Mine not to reason why,
Mine but to sit and sigh,
My minutes numbered.

Scholars to right of me,
Scholars to left of me,
Scholars in front of me,
Answered correctly.
Storm'd at with verb and noun,
While in my seat I frown,
Try to slip farther down,
They know, directly.

What will the next verb be?
"Fecit", said somebody,
"No, I'll not fake it,"
Though maybe I'll rue.
"Translate 'Non intellego.'"
"Well, I'm sure I don't know."
"Right!" For the first time
My luck held true.

When can my glory fade?
O! that wild guess I made
All the class wondered.
Even the teacher smiled,
Said something soft and mild.
"Go to the office child."
Onward I blundered.

E. NEAL, '21

A Tragedy.

Seated there, she is the cynosure of all eyes. The light falls on her downcast head and plays in the masses of her hair, showing here and there, a strand of tell-tale gray. Tremulously, she clutches her weapons, certain that she is not seen. The others watch her eagerly, knowing that all depends upon her, this feeble pawn of Fate. She glances up and notes their furtive stares. She twists her rings and bites her lips. Behind, her husband stands with eyes fixed relentlessly on her.

Now or never—will he forgive her? But they have forced her to it! No matter what the consequences, she shall do it this once! Though her name ring throughout the city, she must do it!

Straightening up, her lips set in a straight, hard line, her eyes gleaming uncannily, she managed to breathe out between clenched teeth—"I make it seven 'no trumps.'"

ALICE REIZENSTEIN, '18

Knitting.

Everywhere one goes there's knitting,
Riding, walking, standing, sitting,
In every place unfit or fitting,
It's everlasting, knitting, knitting.

Purling, knitting, slipping, dropping,
Sleeping, dreaming, skipping, hopping,
In every place unfit or fitting,
It's everlasting, knitting, knitting.

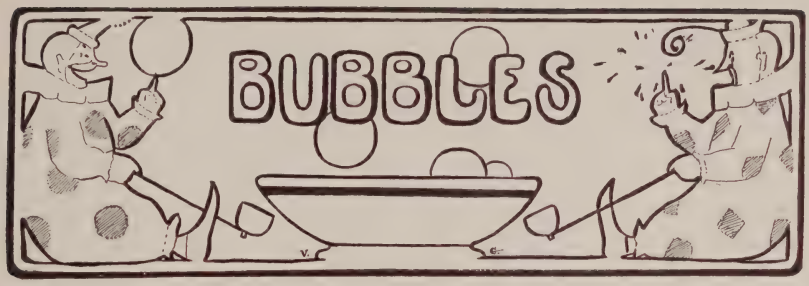
Purling, knitting, casting, binding,
Losing, hunting, missing, finding,
In every place unfit or fitting,
It's everlasting, knitting, knitting.

KATHLEEN WALSH, '19

B. H. S. — *as seen by Tucker*

NO EATING IN THE HALLWAYS, BOYS!
FAMILIAR SCENE DURING RECESS.
SCHOOL CELEBRATY NO 1
COACH STAFFORD
BACK TO YOUR KINDERGARTEN DAYS, EH?
LIL BABY MAKING PAPER BLOCKS. OH MY!
THINK YOU'RE SMART DON'T YOU? YOU'LL BE MAKING 'EM NEXT YEAR!
THE GEOMETRY STUDENT STANDS A GREAT DEAL OF "KIDDING"
A HARD LUCK SEASON
VOUS ÊTES AMERICAIN? J'AIME LES AMERICAINS!
DING IT! WHY DIDN'T I TAKE FRENCH IN HIGH SCHOOL?
THE PROBLEM OF SOME OF OUR 'GRADS' 'OVER THERE'.
FROM BHS
TO THE BOYS
FROM BHS
"OVER THERE"
WHY NOT?
THE CLASS SERIES
TUCKER

(*Putnam next month*)



GRAFT!

Perhaps some fine morning I trot gaily in,
And it's thirty-three minutes past eight,
I suffer no torture because of my sin;
I am not penalized 'cause I'm late.

Do not gasp, gentle reader, but just listen here—
And you'll know why the powers that be
Never know when I'm tardy—just lend me your ear—
I take the attendance, you see!

Chem. Teacher:—"What is the correct solution for Borax?"
McM.—"Na_2 O_7 "
C. T.—"No, it is Na_2 B_4 O_7."
McM.—"That is what I said, Na_2 before O_7."

Charlie:—"I'm a reporter for the Sagamore."
Louise:—"How didst thou learn, pray?"
Charlie:—"Oh, I've been reporting to Mr. C. at one-thirty for the last two years."

Daniels:—"A good soldier doesn't very often get killed."
Finnety:—"No, neither does a good soldier get killed very often."

The young lady across the way (meaning Dooley) says that he hears that in society the latest thing is anaesthetic dancing. Quite ethereal!

SAD—SAD—SAD!

(Compliments of IV A Journal)

The twain sat on the kitchen steps;
Her eyes were lit with love,
His arm around her neck was laid—
There was a step above.

She quickly turned her head around.
"Delia, get on your job."
Her mistress spoke them crooel woids—
Delia began to sob.

"Policemen should be on their beats,"
Rang out the voice again;
Then Delia bade a sweet farewell
To her departing swain.

Delia ran to the kitchen sink;
Her tears burst out anew;
The sink soon could not hold her tears—
The mistress then withdrew.

The cop, he rambled down the street,
And turned into a yard.
The same thing happened at this house;
To keep on is too hard.

Rachel: —"Yaakahula hickey doola," (meaning—"It's a great thing to be innocent.")

Ilma (avec camouflage): —"Wickey-wackey-woo—gobs of gazoopes." (Meaning, "Yes, but it's better to be 'in a nickel'.")

Miss S: —"Miss Kittridge, read your notes on experiment six."

Edwina: —Heat the magnesium until the weight is constant."
Miss S: —"Very good, Eddie."
Eddie (succulently): —"Shall I give my weight?"
Miss S: —"Preferably not!"

CRIMES BY OUR FACULTY.

Mr. C. (to one Ernest Angevine)—"Angevine, if you can't be earnest, you may report to me at one-thirty."

Weakened by injuries to its entire backfield and the permanent disability of its Captain, the football team has, nevertheless, held its own remarkably well in the past month. The team tied Boston Latin, no score being made, but suffered a severe loss when Captain Putnam, badly injured in the knee, had to be carried off the field. The following Saturday a similar accident happened to Threshie in the game with Cambridge Latin and in consequence the team lost its first league game, 18 to 0. At Revere also the team sustained an injury, Duane being hurt in somewhat the same manner as Threshie and Putnam. However, fine line plunging by Faulkner, a forward pass from Dooley to Ball, and an intercepted forward by O'Hara won the game for Brookline, 21 to 7.

It appears that neither Putnam nor Duane will be in shape for the Thanksgiving game with Newton so Dooley, will play quarter and Plaisted or Ridley left half back in all probability.

Great interest has been shown in the class games this fall and as a result the games have been remarkably well played and rivalry has been extremely keen.

SOPHOMORES, 12; FRESHMEN, 0

On Monday, November 19, the Sophs trimmed the Freshmen with comparative ease. Daniels ran the ball well for the Freshmen and was the life of the team, while Tierny starred for the Sophs.

SENIORS, 6; JUNIORS, 0

Before the Senior–Junior game November 20, the Juniors were considered much the better team and went into the game

with a bit too much confidence. The Seniors on the other hand, worked up to the right spirit by Coach Ridley were resolved to win the game or not to have a Junior left to tell about it. The Seniors won, so the Juniors are all comparatively alive. For three quarters neither team could make appreciable progress. In the last quarter however, the Seniors drove the ball sixty yards down the field by straight line plunging and finally scored a touchdown with but 15 seconds to play. Shapiro carried the ball thru a hole opened up between the Senior right tackle and end. There was only time for one more play before time was up.

Seniors	Juniors
Morse, l. e.	r. e., O'Hearn
Klein, Silver, l. t.	r. t., Mullowney
McLean, l. g.	r. g., Kenney
Xiques, c.	c., Donovan
Walker, r. g.	l. g., Ingraham
O'Connor, r. t.	l. t., Johnson
Leach, r. e.	l. e., Glancy, Murphy
Spitz, r. h. b.	l. h. b., A. Kelley
Kendrick, f. b.	f. b., Meegan
Shapiro, q. b.	r. h. b., G. Kelley
Hull, l. h. b.	q. b., Dooley

SENIORS, 31; SOPHOMORES, 0

On November 26, the Seniors ran away with the Sophs in the final game in the class series, thus winning the school championship. With the temperature at 25, the players' hands were so cold that they could hardly hold onto the ball.

In the first half Shapiro and Spitz both made touchdowns thru the Sophomore line. In the second half Kendrick scored on a skin tackle play and a few minutes later Leach received a forward over the goal line for six points more. Morse kicked the only goal of the game. On the kick-off the Sophomores fumbled and Xiques recovered the ball on the Sophs' 40 yard line. On the next play Spitz took the ball on an end run and dodged the entire Sophomore team for the last score of the day.

Briefs

The weather man seems to have some kind of grudge against the Newton-Brookline game, since he has presented us with six inches of snow for the first day appointed for the clash, and a quantity of rain which we don't like to mention for the second. It appears that the game will be played either Friday or Saturday of this week, providing—etc.

Report has it that McGahan, the Waltham end, who scored the touchdown against Brookline, became over-age the day after the Brookline game. He was captain of the Waltham team last year which, had it not been for its defeat at the hands of Brookline, would have been a contender for the State championship. It is said that McGahan returned to the game this year with the sole purpose of avenging himself on Brookline. Well, he surely did!

Speaking of the Waltham game, reminds us of the efficient way in which Brookline smothered the end runs of the much-heralded Smith. Let us hope we will make as much of an obstacle to the more-heralded Garrity at Newton.

Although hitherto unmentioned, the golf team, captained by Duane and managed by Taylor, is doing some good work. We'll hear more of it later.

The play-off for the tennis cup has at last been finished, with "Charlie" O'Hearn, '19, the winner. He was presented with the cup at a meeting of the Athletic Council some weeks ago.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Senior Class wishes to acknowledge the services of "Pasty" Rowe and his able assistants, Ehrlich, Salinger and Lord, who, entirely unrewarded, gave up two afternoons to the interest of the Afternoon Socials.

A Country Unprepared

"Go, sink them all," proud Welhelm cried,
"Heed not their cries and groans;
I'll teach this proud America
To shun my U-boat zones.

"Talk to me not of human lives,
Of right or neutrality;
The world must learn that naught can stand,
'Twixt me and victory."

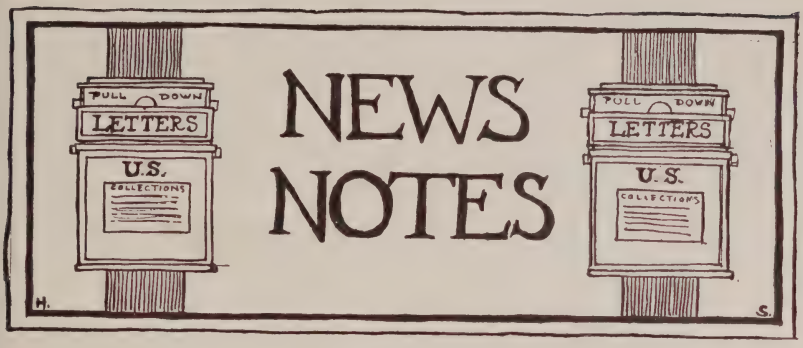
'Twas then proud Lusitania,
Sailed out amid the spray;
A crash, a swirl, a thousand deaths,
And a U-boat slid away.

Then up arose the U. S. A.
With Wilson at her head;
"This war on innocents must cease,
Or you'll feel my strength," he said.

Years now have passed; the world's at peace;
The cruel war is o'er,
America's laid down her arms,
Germania is no more.

Proud Wilhelm had broken every law;
The whole world he had dared;
He now lies vanquished, beaten low,
By a country—*unprepared.*

IRIS WOODMAN, '19.



B. H. S. CALENDAR FOR DECEMBER

Dec. 4. Girls' Debate.
Dec. 6. B. H. S. Debate.
Dec. 11. Girls' Debate.
Dec. 13. B. H. S. Debate.
Dec. 14. Social (play and dance.)
Dec. 18. Girls' Debate.
Dec. 20. B. H. S. Debate.
Dec. 21. Senior Social.
Dec. 21 to Jan. 2. Christmas vacation.

The Sophomore Class recently elected the following officers: President, Richard Bowers; Vice-President, Eleanor Shaw; Treasurer, John Rogers; Secretary, Harriet Tyler.

After much careful deliberation two of the Freshman officers have already been elected: Richard Aldrich, President; Velma Hutchinson, Vice-President.

A meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held November 6, in Room 18. The question read: Resolved, that four years' college education is more beneficial than three years' business experience.

Affirmative	Negative
Kathleen Walsh, '19	Clara Shapiro, '19
Burnett Yerxa, '19	Page Williams, '19

The judges awarded the decision to the negative.

The fourth competitive debate was held on November 13. The question under discussion was: Resolved, that the Allies should demand national disarmament in their peace terms.

Affirmative	Negative
Miriam Doan, '18	Pauline Albee, '21
Doris Bryant, '18	Louise Hersey, '18
Annete Shapiro, '21	Harriet Bridgman, '18

The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

The first meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club was held November 15. The subject for the debate was: Resolved, that aliens in the U. S. should be drafted.

Affirmative	Negative
William Ehrlich, '21	Edwin Bridgman, '20
Theodore Copp, '21	Holden Furber, '20

Mr. Akers awarded the decision to the negative.

The second Friday afternoon social was a great success. A short play entitled "West of Omaha" was presented by the B. H. S. stock company, including Henry Horn, '18, Barnard Tucker, '18, Doris Neal, '18, Barbara Bouve, '18, Richard Edwards, '19, Priscilla Hall, '19, and Donald Wilbur, '20. Dancing followed from 3.30 to 6.00. The net proceeds of $41.00 were given to the Alumni fund. As usual Mr. Stafford played the role of auctioneer, with great success.

On November 23 the Sophomore-Freshman reception was held. After speeches by "Dick" Bowers and Richard Aldrich, everyone was entertained by Ina Bentley, Marion Brigham, Ferisse Angevine, Elizabeth Weber, and Brenda Briggs. The Brookline Assembly Orchestra then played for dancing.

Following Mr. Cole's suggestion, a school band and orchestra are being formed. Rehearsals are being held every Monday and Thursday.

About 150 boys responded to the Y. M. C. A. movement, pledging to earn $10 by April.

'09. Mr. and Mrs. Francis Alden Niccolls are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Myrtle Danico Niccolls, 2nd.

'11. On September ninth the announcement was made of the marriage of Ellen Grace Holden, New Hampshire College, 1920, to Luther Ballou, B. H. S., 1911, and Yale, 1915. Mr. Ballou is now a reporter for the Butte Miner, Butte, Montana.

'15. Marvin W. Ray has been elected 1st Vice-President of the Junior Class of Brown University. This honor comes by the popular vote of his classmates and is a high undergraduate distinction.

'14. "Flo" Dussosoit has lately received a Lieutenantship in the French army. But report now has it that he is trying to get into the American army.

DICK SALINGER, '15

Ex-'15. Fred Hicks is a cadet at the Naval Aviation School of M. I. T.

Ex-'16. "Piggey" Stewart who has been driving an ambulance in France is reported to be at Lent in the Royal Flying Corps.

'16. Helene Kornfeld has been chosen a member of the 1920 Golf Team at Wellesley.

'15. Dick Salinger tells us that he has successfully passed the exams for the U. S. A. Aviation Corps.

'14. The engagement has been announced of Gladys Gordon to Marvin W. Ray. Cupid's arrow is flying fast these days!

'15. Clifford Hayes' marriage to Miss Lawson of Manchester, N. H., took place last August. The secret first leaked out a week or so ago.

'17. Elsie McWilliams, Mildred Albee, Cecil Skinner, and Barbara Hersey are doing clerical work in the John Hancock Insurance Company, Boston.

'17. Frances Clarke and Mildred Williams are students at Miss Garland's School.

'16. Alec Marshal is taking a course at Bryant and Stratton's, Boston.

'17. "Muff" Howard and Margaret McMahon are working for the Brookline Trust Company, at Brookline Village.

Ex-'17. Edward Hollander has gone to England in the American Aviation Service.

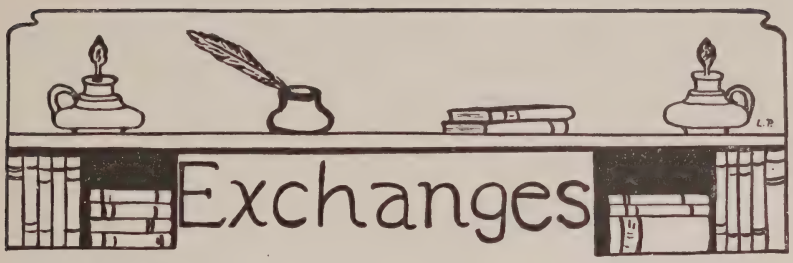
'16. Russell Hamilton is at Wareham, in the Tremont Nail Company, as a chemist.

The Service Flag.

There is another flag today
Where once Old Glory held full sway.
It bears alike the colors true,
It too, displays red, white and blue.
It shows that our men do not lag.
All hail to thee, O Service Flag!

The Service Flag now flies beside
The one for which our fathers died;
And shows that now across the sea,
Their sons fight on for Liberty.
It shows that our men do not lag.
All hail to thee, O Service Flag!

Miriam Hussey, '18



Welcome exchanges, one and all,
Long or short, large or small.
We're always "at home" to friends like you
Who help us with suggestions new.
The following papers (we wish they were more)
Have come to visit THE SAGAMORE:

Sunnyside	Polytechnic	Huntington Record
Dean Megaphone	Ramble	Megaphone
Keramos	Clarion	Lasell Leaves
Panorama	Academy Journal	The Imp
Choate News	Inklings	Trade Winds

SUNNYSIDE:

If you'd only put your jokes
In a single column,
You'd surely please us folks,
And much improve your volume.

MEGAPHONE:

You rank very high in our estimation,
But *please* in exchanges, show some animation.

PANORAMA:

We've naught to offer you
But our congratulations.
Your jokes are nice and new,
Not gleaned from ancient nations.

RAMBLE:

We like you, friend Ramble,
Please visit again,
You tell us no scandal,
Are newsy, and sane.

D. NEAL, '18.

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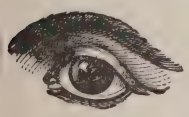

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H. P. Hood & Sons, milk
Howe, P. E., florist
Jonsson, C. R., pictures framed
Kaufmann Delicatessen
Keyes, W. F., plumbing
Luker, Frank H., piano instructor
Pierce, S. S. Co., groceries
Poulius Bros., fruit
Quality Lunch
Quinn, David, florist
Richards, George H., photographer
Robinson, A. L., fish market
Russell, Frank A., real estate
Savage, Henry W., Inc., real estate
Seeliger, Henry, hair cutting
Waterman & Sons, Inc., undertakers
Wheeler, Wm. D., druggist
Wilmarth, D. E. & Co., painting
Woman's Exchange

Washington Square

Blanchard, S. F., provisions
Bonney, A. Frank, plumbing
Carr, Daniel & Co., auto supplies
Gauger, Anna, hairdressing
Kane, Richard L., tailor
Morse, S. M., tailor
Sharp, Edward & Son, real estate
Thomas, fish market

Brookline Village

Brookline Print, The
Brookline Trust Co., bank
Chin Ming, laundry
Crockett, Ethel M.
Dan, D., hair cutting
Delano, C. A., dry goods
Hand Bros., painters and decorators
Iannelle, Louis, shoe repairing
Lacy, John H., undertaker
Mackey, J. P., hardware
McMahon, T. F., groceries
Paine, W. D., news-dealer
Palmer, F. E., Inc., florist
Perkins & Sadler, watch repairing
Peters, H. A., boots and shoes
Pike, G. H., optician
Rhodes Bros. Co., provisions
Sands, photographs
Selya, J. P., tailor
Schmalz, Charles E., hair cutting
Steverman & Gibbons, electricians
Turley, T. J., tailoring
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Brine, James W., Co., sporting goods
Clapp, Joseph L., hats and furs
Dieges & Clust, jewelers
Lansing, G. L, music teacher
Macullar Parker Co., clothing
Market Trust Company, bank
Niccolls, Francis A., lawyer
Ouimet & Sullivan, sporting goods
Shuman, A. & Co., clothing

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The Sagamore

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLINE, MASS.

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HOOD'S IS SAFE!

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A Record Without Equal

The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—*Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXIV JANUARY AND FEBRUARY, 1918 No. 3

Editorials

At the repeated request of members of the Faculty and also of the student body, we have taken it upon ourself to administer the proverbial ounce of prevention in regard to the increasing lack of a chivalrous attitude in the school toward people in general and the teachers in particular. It is not our desire to establish a column of "Everyday Etiquette," to publish instructions as to "How to Behave in the Lunch Room" or to enumerate "Ten Don'ts for Freshmen," but we do believe that this question of courtesy has reached the point where a word from us now may forestall a more serious word from possibly a more serious source later.

The lady members of our faculty are not yet blind or rheumatic; however, when fellows step aside and let them pass through a crowded doorway, or when fellows pick up young armfuls of papers which may have been dropped, they appreciate it. When people appreciate an effort to please they show it—and so do teachers.

In exactly the same manner the girls like to be shown a little courtesy. They can't demand it, as can the teachers, but they expect it and in the proper order of things they should receive it. As a rule a girl is too well-bred to show displeasure at a lack of courtesy; but when a fellow gives her an unusually vicious shove as he tears down the hall, she makes a mental note, and says to herself, "Hm, prune!" or words to that effect.

You are an intelligent person, gentle reader, and we know you can take a hint; let the girls and teachers pass through a doorway first; rise when they speak to you; and instead of letting a girl scramble for a pen which she has dropped under your desk in a study room, pick it up yourself and perhaps you will get a smile that hadn't come in your direction before.

Now to take up another side of the matter. Shortly, most of us intend to go into the business world where we shall require every asset at our disposal to keep our heads above water. Courtesy and good manners are an asset, a valuable one, and one for which employers are looking. Salesmanship schools whose graduates are employed by Slattery, Filene and other business houses which pay their salesmen high salaries, have entire courses devoted to training their men to be courteous without appearing affected. The Boston Elevated gives special instructions in courtesy to its employees; and while we are not all preparing to be conductors or motormen, we may take a useful hint from their training. The courtesy of the telephone girl is no less conspicuous than those we have mentioned and no more so than that of employees in other vocations. Perfection of manners is the stock in trade of these poeple, and they have to pay good money to acquire it because they neglected their opportunity when it was gladly offered for nothing.

With these things in mind let us try, ourselves, to display a little of this courtesy in our daily life at school. The result is obvious: the person to whom courtesy is shown smiles, the person responsible for it smiles back, and the atmosphere of the school is that much pleasanter. We venture to say that all of us have been taught those little things which for lack of a better name, are called "manners". In that sense we have them. Our trouble lies in keeping it a secret. —— Advertise 'em, fellas an' girls, advertise 'em; it pays.

L., '18

In years past THE SAGAMORE has appeared each month with more or less regularity; it has been blessed and blamed; the Editor has been cussed and discussed—to say nothing of being disgusted—; and he has been forced, thru lack of an organ of expression, to gnash his teeth and mop his sweating brow in silent anguish—with all the emphasis on the "silent".

HOWEVER

The Editor this year is distinctly opposed to two of the conditions mentioned above, to wit: sweat and silence. Now, in order to cover some twenty-five pages per month with printers' ink in such a way that it satisfies both our own S. of H. and the Sense of Propriety, Dignity, etc., of the Board of Censorship, a certain amount of aforesaid perspiration is, believe us, unavoidable. On the other hand, the silence is distinctly unnecessary and this column is here to prove it.

We, therefore, dedicate this column to the long life and happiness of that kind person who has a good word for THE SAGAMORE; to the peace and comfort of that wise one who has nothing to say; but to the eternal and everlasting chastisement of the wretch who knocks it!

May the gentle reader get half the enjoyment reading it, that we do, writing it.

THE EDITOR.

Apropos of knockers, practically speaking, we wish to register a protest against the grape grenadiers at recess. If this informal baseball practice must be held, why not turn it upon some of these homeless hounds which, ever and anon, stray into Room 20?

At the first Friday Afternoon Social—which was held Thursday afternoon—Mr. Stafford proved to be a most successful auctioneer; but even at that Horn took the cake!

Our speaker on food conservation a month or so ago, mentioned that "Food is Ammunition." He must have been advertising Puffed Wheat,—Yes, Little Nemo, Puffed Wheat is "food shot from guns."

The gentlemen also spoke of "throwing the clean plate in the face of the Kaiser," but the reference to the effectiveness of Charlie Chaplin's custard pies (vintage of 1908) is too obvious for our dignity.

At Coolidge Corner, the day before Thanksgiving, we were waiting for a car on the Banana line (they come in bunches). It was snowing furiously and the Newton game was scheduled for the next day. In the ten minutes we were there, four different people spoke to us, and each one blithely remarked, "It's a great day for the game tomorrow." We laughed at the first, grinned at the second, pitied the third and would have knocked down the fourth if he had been small enough..

Locker-room Ballads

NUMBER ONE

The practices of football teams have changed like other styles,
Instead of tackling dummies, now they ply rough iron files.
They sharpen up their finger-nails with mingled joy and sorrow,
And when they're asked the reason, "Why our big game is tomorrow!"

—L, '18

Espionage

I

A penetrating, dog-day rain, driven in gusts by the Channel sou'easter, drenched London under a salty sea of fog and water. The infernal wetness of the thing seemed to permeate one's last dry stitch of clothing, and to chill to the very bone. There were few indeed who had business out-of-doors that was sufficiently urgent to warrant exposure to the raging elements. Two men in uniform, however, more ambitious than the rest were pushing slowly up —— street. These were pre-war days and London had not become so accustomed to the King's uniform as she was to be in the future, so the appearance of these two officers excited considerable curiosity among the few pedestrians who had ventured out. Something about the elder of the two, a man about fifty, stamped him immediately as one of authority, while the younger had the appearance of a recent military-school graduate, probably a lieutenant.

They walked slowly, watching the traffic in the street and apparently looking for a cab. However, after casually glancing at several hansoms standing at the curb, they passed them by and appeared to be looking for another.

As they turned a corner the lieutenant spoke. "Well, Major Currier, I've seen almost every cab number on the list, except 174."

"That's all right," assured the Major, "we haven't come to the place where our particular cab was supposed to stand. I'm of the opinion that we'll find it there."

The lieutenant subsided and the pair walked on in silence for a moment. Then the younger man again opened the conversation. "It's a queer thing why that fellow in Germany who signs himself 'Leary' won't let you know who he is, when he says he can send such valuable information. I'm beginning to think ——"

"I can't say about that," interrupted the Major, "but you know as well as I do that he has been able to get inside the Kaiser's war intentions, which we've been working so hard to learn. He

says in his letter that the Kaiser intends to make war on some pretext or other, and that the Germans will first make sure of Portsmouth, then London. Now we know that is true, so, for all we know, the rest of what this fellow writes can be relied on. Why, man alive, think if this sneaking cab man we're after *has* got the plan of the Portsmouth mine-field!"

"I'm afraid you're a bit credulous, Major Currier. They couldn't get those papers. There are only two copies of them and they're in the safest hands. This 'Leary' of yours is probably an everyday jokesmith. I'll bet he's tittering now at the thought of you, head of the King's Secret Service, going out in the pouring rain to take State papers away from a numbskull cabby."

Major Currier did not reply. He was hailing a hansom which had been standing at the curb. The driver hesitated a moment at the sight of the uniforms and then grudgingly opened the door for the men to enter.

"Where to?" with a grunt.

"Scotland Yard."

The man started, recovered himself, gave another grunt, slammed the doors shut and took up the reins.

Major Currier drew the lieutenant closer and talked in a whisper. "This is our man, Smith. Didn't you see the number on his cab, 174? . . . I know his stamp. I'll bet you a sovereign to a shilling that he's looking down at us thru the little window in the top."

Smith took the bet. Slowly he raised his eyes to the top of the cab and then backwards to the window. A swarthy, unshaven face glowered at them from the box and its black, beady eyes seemed to shoot fire at the men inside.

The older man smilingly refused the offered shilling and settled back with a self-satisfied air. "This is certainly sleuthing 'de luxe.' Having our man carry us to the Yard, instead of we having to drag him."

At length the cab drew up before the gray stone buildings which housed the headquarters of the English Secret Service. The

two passengers alighted and the half-suspecting cabby stood waiting for his fee. The Major unbuttoned his coat and reached for his pocket. In a second, the cabby's hands were above his head and he was glaring at two army automatics and the Police badge of the lieutenant.

The prisoner was subjected to the methodical English search, beginning at his hat and ending with his shoes. Between the two leather folds of the man's belt a series of maps and plans were carefully wrapped in waterproof paper. They proved to be the plans of the Portsmouth mine-fields, which the person who signed himself "Leary" had mentioned in his warning to the Secret Service.

The rest was simple: the third degree, confession, the trial, and solitary confinement.

II

September, 1914, the war had begun. The murders at Sarajevo had set Europe ablaze. Belgium had been overrun and Paris threatened. The English had found that their every move was known beforehand in Berlin, as a result of the well-nigh perfect system of German espionage. England in her turn was trying with all the resources at her disposal to secure inside information of Prussian war intentions—and the chief resource at her disposal was the person who signed himself "Leary." Again and again, by a timely bit of information, he had solved problems which had baffled the most experienced; at the same time leaving unsolved the greatest of mysteries—himself.

In Scotland Yard, Major Currier and Lieutenant Smith were again examining the letter which had led to the discovery of the cabby spy a few months previous. They were nearing the end,—

"If the information about the cab-man and the Portsmouth papers proves correct and if you are convinced that I am in such a position as to give material aid to England, I am at His Majesty's disposal. It is, however, absolutely essential, owing to the perfection of the German espionage system, that my real identity remain unknown even to you. Therefore you may consider me as

Leary."

The Major looked up from the papers on his desk. "This Leary has pulled four tricks already, hasn't he?"

"He surely has."

"They've all been trumps, too!"

"Every one."

"You know, I believe that Leary is in a fair way to becoming as valuable to us as the Germans claim Von Haffen is to them. They say that their man can go anywhere with *our* full permission because he is a member of *our* Secret Service. Wouldn't there be a beautiful fight if those two were set after each other—but come, we can't waste time. You say there is no one in Germany except Leary whom we can trust?"

"Absolutely no one."

"You know," confidentially, "that a plan of the fortifications at Kiel would permit an English fleet to bottle up the entire German navy." The Major thought a moment. "I wonder if Leary could work that!"

III

The message was sent to Leary, asking him to secure the all-important plans. After a long wait the answer came back,—

"I feel that I am continually watched. I am almost certain that Von Haffen has been set on my track and I am totally in the dark even to the extent that I don't know whether Von Haffen is a man or a woman! If I am able to secure these plans of Kiel, they will be of such importance that I will trust them to no one, but will come to London with them myself. I have secured a passport. When I arrive demand it for my identification.

Leary."

But Major Currier was not the first to read that note. The German authorities, realizing that valuable information had been leaking out, were tightening the net on such news. The long arm of the Prussian Secret Service had caught the message in transit, but had allowed it to pass, thinking to profit more by turning the trick to their own advantage than by merely foiling a single plot.

Leary secured the plans.

Two weeks later a dapper, trim-looking gentleman, smartly tailored and wearing an eye-glass presented a passport, bearing the Imperial seal and the name "Leary," and demanding transportation to Sweden and thence to England. The inspector on the wharf glared at the man as he answered the routine questions with an unmistakable English accent. In return, the Englishman eyed him through his monocle, composedly picked up his luggage and sauntered up the gang plank.

With characteristic German efficiency, the man was never left out of sight for a moment. Continually, night and day, on ship board and on land, he was shadowed persistently and unshakably by a woman. Of medium height, moderately good looking, acceptably well dressed ; she was not an object to attract attention. Leisurely she walked about the ship with no apparent purpose but always within sight or hearing of the Englishman. If he sat on deck, her chair would be placed within two or three of his. If he took a stroll after dinner, she was strolling also, inconspicuously but doggedly, never leaving him unwatched for a moment.

IV

In Scotland Yard, Major Currier paced up and down his office, muttering under his breath. The door opened and the man-of-the-passport stepped into the room.

The Major turned on him. "Who are you ?"

The man spoke slowly, with the precise accent of the born Englishman, "I am Leary."

"I must see your passport."

In answer he drew from his pocket the passport made out to "Leary."

The Major, trembling all over with excitement, grasped Leary's hands convulsively. "Wonderful ! wonderful ! ! and now, have you the fortification plans of Kiel ?"

Leary paused a moment for the dramatic effect and then decisively, "They are here !"

He produced a packet of documents and handed them to the Major, who burst the seal and devoured the contents with his eyes.

In an instant the door was flung open. A woman brandishing a revolver appeared on the threshold, and without warning a shot rang out. Leary dropped with a bullet through his knee.

The Major overcame and disarmed the woman in an instant. "What are you doing here?"

She answered him with perfect composure, "I have shot that man to prevent his escape."

"Do you realize that you will be hanged for this?"

The woman did not answer his question. "Those papers in your hands are false plans. Their use would result in the total destruction of the King's fleet."

"These papers false? How do you know and where are the true ones?"

"You will find them in a wallet strapped around his waist. They were stolen from me."

The man was searched. Another set of plans were found as described by the woman.

The Major was shaken, baffled, undecided as to which to believe. He turned to the woman:

"Who is this man?"

"That man is Von Haffen!"

"Not Von Haffen, the German spy?"

"The same."

"Well, who are you?"

"I am Leary!" —L., '18.

Doing Your Part

Doing your part isn't talking,
Leave that for the wise ones to do;
Just see that you keep right on working,
Although all your skies aren't quite blue.

If you can't make a German your target,
Your duty can take his place;
You'll make both some day, so go to it,
And for all of us you set the pace.

ELEANOR H. SHAW, '20.

Drama—Worse Drama—Worst Drama

Miss Jane Jones was not the least bit like her name. Jane Jones you must admit sounds very old maidish and prim, and Jane was far, oh very far from deserving such an epithet.

In the first place, she was pretty, distractingly pretty; and in the second place, she was young, in fact quite different from what she should be. Moreover, Jane wanted to be an actress. She just knew that given a chance, just one chance, she would rise to national and even international fame. Had she not taken the lead in her high school play and had not her fond friends predicted a brilliant future for her? Yes, an actress was undoubtedly what she was intended for.

Now, we come to her father, Nathan Jones. Nathan was very like his name. He attended prayer meeting every Friday night. He went to church three times on Sunday and once in a while he went to church four times on Sunday. He believed that dancing was a short way to destruction, and had even written an essay on this subject, which had gained first prize and had therefore convinced him more firmly than ever that such wickedness was the work of the evil one, altho we can see that as a subject it was quite profitable.

Jane, being what she was, was of course very popular among her schoolmates, and whenever a party was given Jane's name invariably was the first on the invitation list. Now we come to the difficulty at these parties, dancing always formed the main attraction, but so long as Nathan did not know this, all went well. Unfortunately, however, for Jane her father discovered that his daughter, his flesh and blood, a child brought up by him, Nathan Jones, was participating in the shameless pastime of dancing. Worse than this, he learned that Jane Jones, none other than his daughter Jane wanted to go upon the stage. Now if Mr. Jones considered dancing the way to perdition, he considered the stage *it*.

He raved, he tore his hair, he uttered words that sounded very like———, but we forget he was a deacon. It was in this mood

that Jane found him. Was it not too bad that some little elf had not warned Jane away? Here she comes, however, very sweet, very adorable. Her father's glance falls upon her, as she stands there questioning him with her eyes. Strong man that he is, he almost swoons at the horror of it all. He groans aloud, his hands tremble, his face is convulsed.

"Oh father, tell me has the mortgage come due?" She is becoming horribly frightened, and runs to comfort him. To her horror he shrinks from her, and now light breaks. She shudders and throwing herself upon her knees, she grovels at his feet. He braces himself, for what he is about to do nearly breaks his heart. At last he masters himself and fiercely, sternly he breathes a word. One word, but how much it means.

"Go!"

With a piercing shriek, Jane clambers unsteadily to her feet. She rushes from her father's presence. She does not even go to the house for her hat. She hails a passing auto, climbs in, flings herself into the arms of a very astonished young man riding therein and pours out her troubles upon his shoulder.

How dark and drear does the world seem to poor Jane; but suddenly realizing that she is hardly behaving in a proper manner, she disengages herself from the protecting embrace of the young man and starts to fling herself out of the car.

But what is this he is saying? He is a manager? He will give her a position? At last! at last! it has come, her greatest desire is to be fulfilled.

Some time has passed. This evening a wonderful star is to make her debut. Her fame has reached far and wide. The audience waits breathless for the first flash of her smile.

In the first balcony, Nathan Jones and his wife are sitting. Nathan has by this time, risen above the evils of the stage to such a degree that he can watch a play with comparative comfort.

At last! The audience bursts into a roar of applause. The beautiful girl which is before them is a veritable Venus. How light each movement, how graceful, how exquisite. Then the lights are turned down. Disapproval reigns. Then the lights

flash on again, and the people see the actress again, bowing and smiling upon them. Suddenly her eye catches the sight of someone in the gallery, she holds out her hand in pitiful and pathetic appeal. The audience goes mad with enthusiasm, and now Nathan speaks.

"Great snakes, Marthy, it's Jane, our little Jane."

Quickly they gather their wraps and hasten to the stage entrance. There their daughter receives their forgiveness, and lives happily ever after.

Really, my reader, don't you get awfully tired of seeing this sort of thing?

D. N., '18

"The Spirit"

He snapped out the signals, the ball flashed back,
The back hit the line with a terrible crack.
Hurrah! Hurrah! cried the crowd with a roar,
As the back tore through like a big steel bore.

The game was won, the defeat undone,
The night's celebration had just begun,
When there came the news that shook the world:
America's flag had been unfurled!

The laughter ceased, the mirth died out,
The guests stood up with hearts devout,
The success of the country that's yours and mine,
They pledged it with fervor and ruddy wine.

Let this be our motto, "In God is our Trust;
We'll lick the Germans else we'll bust!"
For when Uncle Sam commences to fight,
He'll finish it up to his heart's delight.

—R. H. E., Jr., '19.

Extracts from the Letters of Our Boys in France

Richard B. Salinger, '15; American Field Service: "I fail to see the German idea of sportsmanship, which consists of chopping down fruit trees, poisoning wells and destroying peaceful villages. Things like that hurt and it might so easily have been the fate of the U. S."

"——Cavalry, guns, carts, infantry, and everything else imaginable all over the road and I, honking my way through in holy terror lest I take the hind legs off some officer's horse. It made Scollay Square look like a prairie."

Donald Field, '15; American Field Service: (On board "La Touraine"). "These boats were plainly built for the French and not for life-sized Americans. I have a regular Adam's apple on the top of my cupola as the result of contact with door frames."

(In France): "We are quartered in a little cabin which has a wooden floor, some mice and a few 'cooties'."

"Certain days you can't take a bath; others, no meat; others, no sugar, etc."

Stuart Kaiser, '13; American Field Service: "——it was still light enough to read the warning signs, 'In view of the enemy, avoid raising dust'."

"We slept in an *abri* sixty feet underground."

"My car was assigned to follow a division leaving for the front and pick up those who dropped out."

"The food was fair enough, although I ate some meat that I saw a *poilu* turn down."

"Part of the road, which was in full sight of the Germans, was screened by painted canvas, strung on poles."

—L., '18.

The Business of Being a Brother

Jack Bradford drew out one letter and a paper from the small pigeon-hole in College Hall, marked "Room 27, Perry, Bradford and Mason." He stood for a moment scanning the handwriting on the small white envelope and frowned.

"What the dickens has that girl gone and done now?" he ejaculated. His fellow companions seemed quite ready to offer good advice, but in a hurry to get away from the jovial crowd, and to answer his own question, he rushed through the hall to his rooms and there quickly read the note.

"Hey! Jack!" came echoing down the passageway, but Jack heard not.

"And I suppose they want me to——." At this point the door burst open and a flushed and breathless youth in football togs blew in.

"Come on; shake a leg! They're waiting——. Say, is anything the matter? You look sort of befuddled."

"Oh, nothing but a problem that will probably take me the rest of my natural life to solve! I can't come now, Tom!"

"Well, say, if I give you an answer within ten minutes for that problem, will you pay the fee and come then?"

"You bet I——"

"All right, out with the tale of woe."

"Do you know Jimps?"

"Hm-m, seems to me I've heard you speak of her once or twice."

"Well, I've a letter from mother and she's all balled up about the kid. You know, before I left to visit you, I had a letter from Perry, saying he was going to pass through our town on his way home and would like to stop off and say 'Howdy.' So I wrote and told him that I wouldn't be there, but Jimps would meet him at the station and mother wanted him very much to come to lunch."

"So far, so good! Continue!"

"Then I told Jimps to meet Perry at the station 12.10 train on Tuesday. Said he was tall and light, that she'd know him any way

from my class pictures. Of course, I never told her his first name was Martin, so I suppose it's partly my fault. Then mother told her not to wait at the station after quarter past twelve, as it would make dinner late.

"Well, it appears that on Tuesday at 12.13 Jimps rushes to meet him, whirls through the station in her customary style, sees only one man who is tall and light, dances up to him and asks him if his name is Perry. He smiling sweetly all the while says it is; whereupon she grabs his hand, says she knew it was he the minute she laid eyes on him, but didn't quite dare, etc., etc."

"The plot thickens! Go on!"

"By this time the poor bewildered creature has been gently propelled towards the car, learning in the process, his supposed people, past and future. He communes within himself and decides to 'let well enough alone,' and to explain later as a good joke. I reckon Jimps is rather good looking! But alack and alas, as they drive up to the house, there, in the doorway stands mother anxiously searching the road, with another tall and fair youth beside her.

"After the laugh is over and the explanations made, it appears that our Perry, having got in on time, searched the station and finding no Jimps, started for the house alone. Whereas the other Perry (Perry Andrews by name) came in on the 11.45 from Chicago and was waiting for the New Haven express. He said he tried in vain to assure Miss Bradford that she had made a mistake, so he determined to await his fate."

"Wily youth!"

"No remarks necessary! Mother simply had to be cordial, as she always is, and so invited him to lunch, too. In the meantime the first Perry had plenty of time to fall hopelessly in love with Jimps, and also by the end of that afternoon our Perry, it seems, had lost his heart with equal good grace! I don't see what you find to glare about.

"Never mind, that's simply solved," interrupted Tom.

"Oh, I know *that's* not much. The trouble is that mother doesn't like our Perry because he smokes, and doesn't like the

other Perry because she thinks his Western manners are too unpolished. So there you are. I suppose she wants me to call 'em off. Sort of 'Here Perry!—Good Perry!' He ended with a groan.

"Well *that's* just as simply solved!" finished Tom.

"Maybe you think so, but what's that answer?"

"My fee?" suggested Tom, "and you might as well get your rig and come along."

"Be with you in a jiffy. Here—" placing tenderly one bright penny in the palm of his third room-mate. "Cherish it, my lad, it will buy you a stick of gum. But what I want to know is—What about that answer?"

"Oh, that!" called Tom over his fast disappearing shoulder, "Just that. Let Jimps settle it."

"But how does—?"

From the passageway came back the refrain—

"Oh, what's the use of worrying? It never was worth while, so pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, and smile, smile, *smile*!"

Then suddenly a head popped in the doorway.

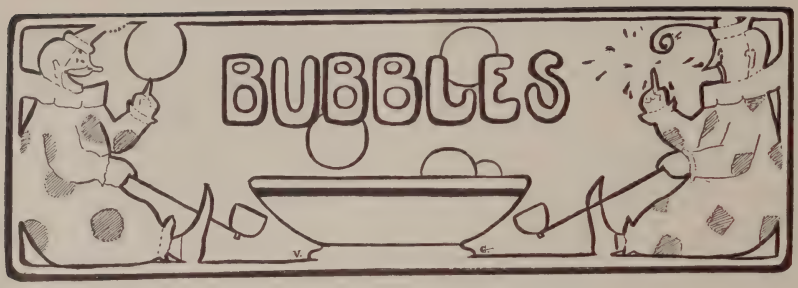
"You see, my son, *Jimps says* she's in love with *Me*!"

K. H.,'18

Mother Sentiments

With a smile on my lips, though I wanted to cry,
I bade the lad that I love good-bye.
Yes, he looked like the rest, with his rifle and hat,
But I picked him right out in spite of all that;
Some how he was different, so splendid and tall
That he seemed to stand forth apart from them all.
I suppose I imagine it; all were so fine,
But I think him wonderful; because he's *mine!*

—M. P. F. S., '18.



Delirium

O Doctor Cook, O Doctor Cook,
How stern and cruel you are!
For when I'm sitting in a nook
To glance at some forbidden book—
At my young trot to take a look—
I see you coming from afar:
From above me
Or below me,
If you love me,
Then let go me!
For the love o' Mike!!

You're always there, O Cookee dear!
It always seems to suit
That with no warning you appear,
And grab me by my tender ear,
And say, "Now you get out o' here!"
When at recess I'm eating fruit
On the first floor.
It's forbidden!
You make me sore,
Quit yer kiddin'!
Or I'll go on strike! (Finis.)

The young lady across the way (not Dooley) wants to know, that if you want to buy some Sweet William from a French florist whether or not you ask for a "billet doux?" Ask Miss Henry, she knows.

Horatius at the Bridge, or How Caesar Crossed the Rubicon

There was a guy named Catiline,
A reg'lar Roman bloke,
Who was a boob at tossin' bones,
An' consequent' went broke.

T'were Cicero who wiped him up,
An' cleaned out all his dough,
So Caty thought he had a bone
To pick with Cicero.

He hiked to Marcus Laeca's joint—
Worth twenty sesterces*—
He drank a hundred ligulae**
An' ate a junk o' cheese.

He started in to hatch up schemes,
An' other kinds o' plot,
To burn the hangouts of the rich,
And make the Romans not.

And then he went to Manlius
But left his friends at Rome,
But Cicy said that Catiline
Had sawdust in his dome.

Then Cicy licked up Caty's troops,
An' Caty made a fuss;
He jabbed a spear into his heart,
An' kicked the bucket thus.

*.76. **2 pints.

—Bolton, '19.

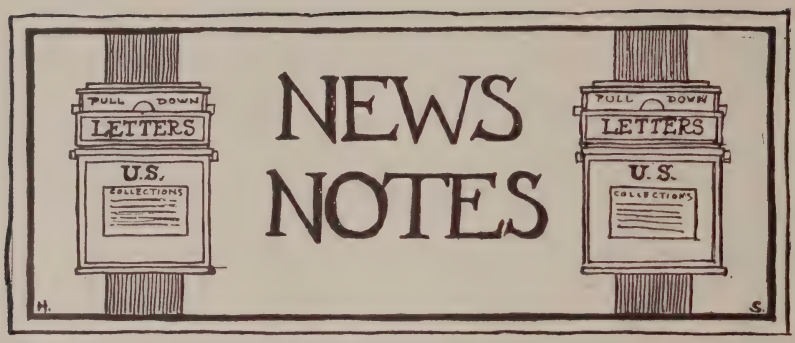
Woody:—"My face is sore from laughing."

Addy:—"That's because you're vain, always looking in the mirror."

Marjorie:—"Betty and I have rubber soles."

Dick:—"That's nothing! I have an elastic conscience and a rubber neck."

In Math, it seems, I'm always bent
To make remarks quite heated:
"I'm not here for argument,
Salinger, be seated!"



B. H. S CALENDAR

Jan. 9. English High at Brookline (hockey).
Jan. 10. Swimming meet with Harvard Freshmen.
Jan. 14. Rindge Tech at Arena (hockey).
Jan. 17. Swimming meet with English High at Brookline.
Jan. 19. Exeter at Exeter (hockey).
Jan. 22. Brookline High Rifle team vs. Dorchester.
Jan. 22. Swimming meet with Huntington at Brookline.
Jan. 25. School Social.
Jan. 28. Medford at Arena (hockey.)
Jan. 28. Brookline High Rifle team vs. English.
Feb. 8. School Social—play and dance.

A meeting of the Girls' Debating Club was held in Room 28, December 4. The question read: Resolved, that Brookline adopt the Gary system in its schools.

Negative	Affirmative
Nathalie Van Ulm, '21	Marjorie Banks, '21
Dora Gottlieb, 21	Genevieve McEldowery, '21
Kathryn Newman, '21	Josephine Mann, '21

The judges awarded the decision to the negative.

The Girls' Debating Club met in Room 28, at 2 P. M., December 11: The subject read: Resolved, that motion pictures are detrimental to the public interests of the U. S.

Affirmative	Negative
Ina Bentley, '20	Louise Jarbeau, '20
Gertrude Lester, '21	Esther Peters, '18
Ellen Rogers, '21	Lorraine Woods, '18

The negative was upheld extremely well and was awarded the decision.

A meeting of the B. H. S. Debating Club was held December 13, at 2 o'clock. The question under discussion was: Resolved, that the government should control labor troubles.

Affirmative	Negative
Wilbur, '19	McCollum, '19
Tierney, '20	Stevens, '19

The debate was won by the negative, for whom McCollum spoke especially well.

On November 27, Mr. Dowd, who was sent from the State House, presented all the boys who worked on farms last summer with diplomas signed by Governor McCall. Mr. Dowd then addressed the school on the subject of the work accomplished by the boys, adding that he hoped and expected that the project would be continued next summer.

On December 4, Mrs. Harvey of the Brookline Public Safety Committee addressed the student body in connection with Food Conservation, reminding us of the necessity of using less meat, wheat, sugar, and fats. We could not but admire Mrs. Harvey's fluent and spicy presentation of her subject.

B. H. S. Alumni in France are being well looked out for. Each has been sent a comfort box and an envelope of clippings. Every month something will be sent to each B. H. S. enlisted man. At present there are about eighty boys in service in France.

The Science Club has been meeting every Tuesday in the Practical Arts building.

The trials for the J. Murray Kay prize-speaking have been held. Out of more than forty competitors the following have been chosen as final contestants:

Girls	Alternates
Gladys Moran	Ferisse Angevine
Eleanor Shaw	Helen Blanchard
Elizabeth Webber	Elizabeth Neal
Iris Woodman	Regina Vachon
Boys	**Alternates**
William Ehrlich	H. Armstrong
Barton Leach	Richard Bowers
John MacSweeney	Richard Ehrlich
Donald Wilbur	Alfred Shapiro

The final contest will take place in May.

On December 12, the Senior Class held a meeting in Shailer Hall. Class numerals were voted to the members of the championship football team. It was also voted to continue the Afternoon Socials every three weeks, when other school activities permit. Consequently, the next Social will be held the second Friday after vacation, January 25. Dancing 3.30 to 6.00.

The Annual Senior Social was held Friday evening, December 21. In place of the usual play or motion pictures a vaudeville show was successfully produced under the direction of Miss Gambrill. "Barney" Tucker, "Heinie" Horn, "Dick" Edwards and John Goodnow were responsible for a good deal of laughter, while "Charlie" O'Hearn and "Don" Richardson accounted for some more through a very clever act. Besides being chairman of the committee, Putnam found time to entertain the crowd with some "impressions." Chandler and Ilma Woods gave us some Hawaiian music, Doris Neal some Scotch songs, and Ellsworth Blanchard some "gran' opera." Kenneth Blanchard contributed a sleight-of-hand performance and "Eddie" Finnity and "Hic-hic-hic" Xiques starred in an act entitled "The Rising Champion."

HOCKEY.

The Hockey squad is taking advantage of the continued cold weather and is practising daily. Although no coach has been appointed, the team is working hard under the guidance of Capt. Threshie and Mgr. Shapiro. A large number of men have reported, and with last year's veterans as a nucleus, a championship team should be developed. All indications point to a favorable season, as the Boston Arena has made better accommodations for the teams, and an attractive schedule has been arranged for the other games. Among the most promising candidates are: O'Hearn, Whittemore and Taft, goal tenders; Threshie, Faulkner, Bowker, Silver and Collier, defense; Mahan, Dooley, Spitz, Taylor and Hill, forwards.

SWIMMING.

A large number of candidates reported to the call for the swimming teams, and Coach Stafford and Capt. Ridley are confident that Brookline will uphold its record of former years. The men have been working hard in the tank and are showing much improvement. Some of the men include: Capt. Ridley, Chandler, Woods, "Buddy" Williams, Phil Richardson, Don Richardson, Meegan, McMahan and Calmer, swimmers; Klien and Rosenau, swimmers and divers; Walker and Klien, plungers.

BROOKLINE, 0; NEWTON, 44.

The much postponed Newton game was finally played on the Monday following Thanksgiving, at Claflin Field, Newtonville. The field resembled a sea of snow and mud, and the players were

covered with the slippery earth, thus making an open attack almost impossible. As our only hopes were in an open game, and as Newton greatly outweighed us, it was quickly seen that we could not stop their powerful attack. The very first of the game looked as if the contest would be fairly even, as our men were holding their own; but after a few moments of play, Nutting, Newton's quarterback after receiving a punt, ran through our entire team for a touchdown. After that our team went to pieces and Garrity, Newton's fullback, scored repeatedly. Threshie, Faulkner and Joyce played a strong game for our team. The line-up:

Brookline	Newton
Ball, l. e.	l. e., Hooligan
Joyce, l. t.	l. t., Macomber
Tucker, l. g., O'Hare	l. g., Thanet
McMahon, c.	c., Spaulding
Horn, r. g.	r. g., Champaigne
Bowker, r. t.	r. t., Tchlity
Snow, Nickerson, r. e.	r. e., Jones
Dooley, q.	q., Nutting
Ridley, Plaisted, l. h.	l. h., Garrity, G.
Threshie, f.	f., Garrity, H.
Faulkner, r. h.	r. h., Flynn

INTER-CLASS TRACK

The Seniors won their second school championship of the year when they easily defeated the lower classmen in the inter-class track meet. The meet was interesting throughout, and brought out some good material for the track team. Collins was the star of the meet for the Seniors, winning the dash and tying for first place in the high jump. Corcoran was the biggest point winner of the Sophs. The results were: Seniors, 32½; Sophs., 17; Juniors, 13; Freshmen, ½.

ALVMNI COLVMN

'17. Jack Clapp is serving in the A. E. F. He has become an expert machine-gunner and has already five Germans to his credit.

'18 "Junie" Darling has been starring as usual in the H_2O, at Leeland Stanford University, Cal. The last we heard he had won the Sophomore-Freshman meet for the Freshmen and was acting captain of them.

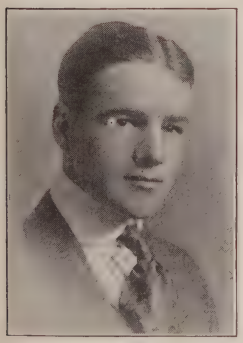
'08 Harold Cooley is at Newport. He may leave for Europe any time.

'14 Blake Cooley was one of the Plattsburg men receiving a 2nd Lieutenancy and he is now in France.

'08 Hannah Shepard is a dietitian (if we've got it straight), at the Wentworth Hospital, Dover, N. H.

'08 Harry Denning, former B. H. S. and Dartmouth pitcher, and Julian Spitz, '13, were both commissioned Lieutenants recently on the completion of their course at Plattsburg.

'16 James Kilton is chief wireless operator on the U. S. S. Hannibal.



Fred C. Bowditch, Jr.

'17 Fred C. Bowditch, Jr. ,is a first lieutenant in the freshman regiment at M. I. T. and also is a private in the coast artillery of the R. O. T. C.

Ex. '19 "Johnie" C. Ferguson is with the 101st Regiment Engineering Corps which is at present rebuilding roads in France.

'16 Marguerite Ayres played the part of Celia in "As You Like It" with great success at the Agassiz House, Radcliffe College, recently.

'17 Ola Murray is making great progress in her music and played at a meeting of the D. A. R. at the Hotel Brunswick the other day.

'15 Mary Monroe is at home studying music.

'12 Elizabeth Bouvé is a teacher of sewing, cooking, etc., in the Salem schools.

'17 Saxe, Ryan, Bolton, Koch and Hirschberg have joined the R. O. T. C. at Harvard. Saxe is a member of the Freshman Debating team and coxed the Smith Hall crew. (Result mercifully withheld.)

'15 Don Stanley is now an able seaman on one of the former German steamers.

'16 L. M. Hinson was recently pledged to the Theta Delta Chi fraternity at Brown University.

'11 Henry P. Briggs is regimental adjutant of the 302d Regiment at Camp Devens.

'10 and Ex. '17 Mr. and Mrs. Arthur K. Hunt have announced the marriage of their daughter Eleanor to Sumner Talbot in Brookline on December 12th.

'09 Cyril Bigelow has just received his commission as ensign and is in charge of the Charlestown Navy Yard Radio Station at present.

Ex. '18 Dean Roberts has been in town twice in the last couple of months. He is stationed on the U. S. S. "Bridge" and has been "across" and back. The "Kid" looks cute in a sailor's uniform, has some wild tales about Brest and still knows how to make people laugh.

Ex. '18 "Heffie" Dresser is now working for his father, after leaving school just in time to escape being property manager of the Senior Social.

ACT I.

Scene: Reception Room, B. H. S. Enter—

Sanfordian	Lassell Leaves
Sunnyside	Cambridge Review
Eltrurian	Choate News
Polytechnic	Huntington Record
Megaphone	Dean Megaphone
Imp	Criterion

Omnes:—How do you do, Sag.?

Sag.:—Well, I'm glad to see you all again. How nice your cover is, Sanfordian, and you are quite as nice inside as out.

Oh! Cambridge Review, so glad you could come. Your cartoons liven things up a lot, you know.

Megaphone, your Editors certainly are a retiring lot. I should think they'd be so proud of you, they'd take up a lot of room for themselves.

Imp, please tell us a story, yours are always such fine ones.

Criterion, you *are* the pleasantest person. Interesting stories and poems, and everything.

Harmonite, Rah! Rah! your athletic costume is very becoming. Please come again.

* * * * * *

Oh! must you go? Well, come again next month, wont you?

—D. N., '18.

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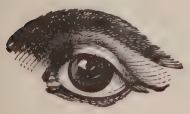

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Beacon Market
Boulevard Trust Co.
Brown, Alfred, photographer
Burr, C. S. Tailor
Caldwell, G. B., optician
Darvirris, Theodore, fruit
Drapen's, tailor
Gammon Drug Co., druggists
Harvard Taxi Co.
Henderson & Ross, real estate
H. P. Hood & Sons, milk
Howe, P. E., florist
Jonsson, C. R., pictures framed
Kaufmann Delicatessen
Keyes, W. F., plumbing
Luker, Frank H., piano instructor
Pierce, S. S. Co., groceries
Poulius Bros., fruit
Quality Lunch
Quinn, David, florist
Robinson, A. L., fish market
Russell, Frank A., real estate
Savage, Henry W., Inc., real estate
Seeliger, Henry, hair cutting
Waterman & Sons, Inc., undertakers
Wheeler, Wm. D., druggist
Wilmarth, D. E. & Co., painting
Woman's Exchange

Washington Square

Blanchard, S. F., provisions
Bonney, A. Frank, plumbing
Carr, Daniel & Co., auto supplies
Gauger, Anna, hairdressing
Kane, Richard L., tailor
Morse, S. M., tailor
Sharp, Edward & Son, real estate
Thomas, fish market

Brookline Village

Brookline Print, The
Brookline Trust Co., bank
Chin Ming, laundry
Crockett, Ethel M.
Dan, D., hair cutting
Delano, C. A., dry goods
Hand Bros., painters and decorators
Iannelle, Louis, shoe repairing
Lacy, John H., undertaker
Mackey, J. P., hardware
McMahon, T. F., groceries
Paine, W. D., news-dealer
Palmer, F. E., Inc., florist
Perkins & Sadler, watch repairing
Peters, H. A., boots and shoes
Pike, G. H., optician
Rhodes Bros. Co., provisions
Sands, photographs
Selya, J. P., tailor
Schmalz, Charles E., hair cutting
Steverman & Gibbons, electricians
Turley, T. J., tailoring
Weinstein, delicatessen
Young & Brown, druggists

Boston

Brine, James W., Co., sporting goods
Clapp, Joseph L., hats and furs
Dieges & Clust, jewelers
Lansing, G. L, music teacher
Macullar Parker Co., clothing
Market Trust Company, bank
Niccolls, Francis A., lawyer
Ouimet & Sullivan, sporting goods
Shuman, A. & Co., clothing

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The Sagamore

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
BROOKLINE HIGH SCHOOL, BROOKLINE, MASS.

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USE MORE OF IT!

The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.— *Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXIV MARCH, 1918 No. 4

Editorials

In this issue of the Sagamore the Board has taken the unusual liberty of borrowing wholesale from the past. To the best of our ability we have selected, if not in every case the most highly intellectual, at least the most thoroughly amusing articles which have graced these pages in years previous. May we anticipate the inevitable critics of such an innovation by the statement that we believe it our preeminent duty to furnish to our subscribers the most enjoyable reading matter available even to the extent of employing the device of the current issue.

With the football season forgotten, "Dramatics" yet to come and the Hockey team going so well that it can excite nothing but praise, the Professional Knocker's Association is casting about in search of an object upon which to vent its excess energy. At this opportune time the Honorary Society, discussed at some length in the December issue, chooses first to show itself in action. Whereupon, armed with a cynical snicker and a figurative brick, aforesaid P. K. A. heaves a sigh of contentment, registers satisfaction and vaporizes somewhat as follows:

"Say, Harry, y' know this Honorary Society. Well it's all a graft. Whatsisname fixed it up so Whosis could be in it an' you know that I've got it all over Whosis anyway he turns, don't you? . . . Sure, so do I . . . They're all a

bunch of snobs and grinds. I wouldn't belong to the ——— (fireworks) ——— thing anyway! etc., etc."

Among which paragons of constructive argument but one statement is thoroughly accurate, the last; and we respectfully beg the gentle reader to note that that person who is continually trying to belittle this and other similar institutions is invariably he who, through an absolute unwillingness to exercise any part of his anatomy above his vocal chords is hopelessly ineligible for membership. An acute case, say we, of the proverbial "sour grapes."

We would merely remind the g. r. that there are nine hard round luscious iron men waiting to be absorbed in batches of five, three, and one. The Sagamore's Literary Competition closes at 1.30, March 11.

We received a copious taste of editorial joys in connection with the "courtesy" editorial in last month's issue. At every slightest slip in this matter—even we err at times, you know! Oh Yes Indeed!—some portion or other of that editorial is flung in our face. 'Sa great life.

Apropos of the fruit-throwing editorial in the January number we should suggest as a subject for debate: "Resolved: that the apple corps be abolished."

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands.
The smith, a mighty man is he,
But there are more automobiles than horses!

—L., '18

The Tragedy of the Forest

The pale glimmer of approaching dawn appeared in the east. Then, gradually, a rosy tint crept up the sky, heralding the coming of the sun. A blanket of new fallen snow covered the trees, mantling the forest with white, and a gentle rustle and snapping of twigs betrayed the early rising of the wood folk. Here and there a chipmunk scampered along, now dashing up a tree now pausing on a branch to scold and chatter before continuing his search for a good breakfast. From the top of a lonely pine came the harsh call of a crow standing sentinel for his band. From a clump of birches a whir-r-r sounded as a partridge rose and sailed majestically away. A feeling of cheerfulness and joy was in the air. Joy and peace reigned supreme.

Suddenly a faint plop, sounded in the distance. Nearer and nearer it came, and from among the trees burst a man on snowshoes. He seemed to have traveled far and fast, for his breath came in gasps. Still he sped on, till at last he came to a little log hut. Smoke curled up from an improvised wood chimney, speaking of warmth and security within. An appetizing odor of fried meat was in the air. The fugitive did not notice any of these things, but pounded hard on the door with his mittened hand. The door was opened quickly and a man appeared, rifle in hand, with a startled expression on his face.

"What's the trouble, Pierre? I didn't expect to see you here again so soon," said the inmate of the hut as he recognized the newcomer.

"Queek, Monsieur Craig!" replied the other, between gasps. "I come to warn yous dat dos Indians du Companie Nord'ouest come pour vous."

"For me, Pierre? How far behind are they?" demanded Craig.

"About une heure, monsieur," was the answer.

"Time enough for a few preparations, then. Come in quick! and rest while I get ready."

Swiftly a small pack of dried meat, tea and flour was made up. Both men took a few mouthfuls of the cooked meat, fastened on their snowshoes, and were off in the opposite direction from that in which Pierre had come. A few minutes later a party of Indians came swiftly along. One glance into the hut and they, too, were off, following the broad trail left by the two men. One Indian only remained behind to fire the hut.

All the morning the chase continued, till at noon Pierre showed signs of exhaustion; for he had traveled forty miles at top speed with only a ten minute rest. "Leave me, monsieur. Je suis très fatigué.

"Leave you to be shot after the warning you gave me? Never!"

"Je suis content, monsieur."

"Come! come! Allons! I'll carry your rifle. Five miles further and we'll reach the Hudson Bay Company's post, then we're safe."

They started on, but slower than before.

Meanwhile, the sky was becoming overcast. Grey clouds formed and the sun disappeared behind them. The wind began to blow, gently at first, but with increasing violence. Snow began to fall in fine, hard particles, which cut into the skin.

The Indians were gaining slowly but surely. Always keeping their steady trot, they were lessening the distance between the fugitives and themselves. Pierre was becoming more and more feeble. Three more miles were covered, till the two parties were only a quarter of a mile apart. The snow now raged so furiously that it was difficult to see. Suddenly Pierre stumbled and fell. Utterly worn out, he had fainted from sheer exhaustion. Craig labored in vain to pull him to his feet, but his efforts were futile. Then he

quickly dropped down and curled up in as small a bundle as possible, thinking his pursuers might go by without noticing him. Minute after minute went by and no one came in sight. Slowly Craig felt a stupor coming on; fight as he would, he couldn't overcome the desire to sleep and soon he, too, was stretched out beside his friend who had risked his life in the attempt to save him.

The snow increased in depth; the air was still white with the flakes, and great drifts formed in places. No signs of life were to be seen in any direction. All that day and night the storm raged.

In the morning the wind had died away; the snow continued to fall gently, but at times the sun glimmered through the banks of scurrying clouds. Everything took on its usual peaceful appearance. A chipmunk peered out, realizing that the storm had passed. In a clump of pine trees surrounded by dense underbrush was a small mound of snow, a mile further on was a larger one,—the graves of pursuer and pursued. In the distance loomed up the stockade of the little Hudson Bay Company Post, the goal aimed at but not attained. The stern God of the elements had taken a hand in the struggle and had conquered.

Lincoln

High in the whole world's Hall of Fame,
There is no finer, noble name
Than that of Lincoln. Who so great
Is there in all our glorious state?
What better man? What braver life?
Who felt so keen the woes of strife?
Ah, martyred president! we know
What you were glad to undergo.
Such trials, bitterness and care
As freedom's champion you did bear.
We realize what your work has meant,
A leader to the Union sent,
To help her in her hour of need—.
Yours was a simple, kindly creed:
"Do but your best and, if you can,
Comfort and help your fellow-man.
Love country as the base of all,
Heed her command, and, if she call,
Be there to answer her straightway."
Such men as you, we, fervent, pray
Will rule and watch our glad free land,
Will teach us all to understand
How every one—no chosen few—
May serve our flag, be royal, true.

"Equo Ne Credite, Teucri"

A FABLE FOR THE FATUOUS

On a time dwelt there in the town on the Line of the Brook a Lusty Youth.

In the Mornings wended he his Way Wearily up to that Tabernacle of Human Understanding which the Wise Fathers have set up in the Place.

And the Lusty Youth was a great Power in the Sports and Contests of the other Youth, and for this Cause had he a Vast Distension of the Cranium. But in the Pursuit of Knowledge was he even as a Sluggard in a race.

And it came to pass that on a Day he was Bid to the Sanctum of the Main Guy of the Tabernacle, a Mighty Man and of much Understanding. And as he stood in the presence, the Words of the Mighty Man Came Hard upon him, so that he was Sore Smitten.

And he Meandered forth into the Sunshine and Sat him Down to Cogitate.

Lo! as he Cogitated a Happy Thought came near unto him and said: "O, Foolish One, why Cogitatest thou at such Length? Hie thee unto the abode of that Vendor of Parchments, who for a Price will give thee a Travelers' Guide to the Labyrinths of Understanding." And the Youth hied. And he went unto the Seller of Parchments and for Sundry Shekels did he get a small Folio.

Now, the Name of this Folio is in the Common Tongue called by many and diverse names. For Some call it "Trot" and some "Horse" and some "Pony," and Some, and these more Wisely, call it even as they call the Support of Infancy, naming it "Crib."

And the Youth carried off the Folio, and Joy and Gladness was in the Heart of the Youth.

And it came to pass upon the next day as he arose to Interpret ancient Writings in the Assembly of Industrious Youths, lo! his Interpretation was a Thing to be Marveled at for the Beauty thereof.

And the Companions of the Youth Wondered at it, that one whose Light had been no Greater than a Small Wick under a Bushel, should blaze into Sudden Brightness.

And Various and Sundry of them—and not by the acuteness of their Olfactory Organs—Smelled a Rat.

But the Instructor of Young Men and Maidens was Rejoiced, for he Saw that the Youth was Heedful of the Rebuke of the Mighty Man. And it was Good.

So for Many Days the Lusty Youth waxed Strong in the Esteem of his Preceptor. And where Famine had been before was now Plenty.

Now it Came to Pass that in a little time the Youth Grew Boastful, and he gloried in his Power, and he Became Unwary.

And he made a Blanket for the Pony whereon was Engraven in large characters HISTORY OF ROME. And he took the Equine into the Forbidden Precincts of the Temple of Knowledge.

Now it Chanced as he was one day Gazing with Fondness upon the Trot and Wondering at the Surpassing Wisdom of it, he Noted not the Swift Approach of the Expounder of Knowledge until it was Too Late. For, as the Eagle Swoopeth upon the Tender Lamb in the Hill-pastures, so Swooped the Expositor of Understanding upon that "First Aid to the Hounded."

And not later by much the Exegete of Wisdom fell Tooth and Nail upon the Neck of the Lusty Youth; wherefore it is not to be Supposed that the Neck of the Youth was Slippery: Nay, Nay.

Also had the Lusty Youth a Fall (and that a Grievous Fall) for he Fell from Grace.

Whence we deduce the following

Moral: Equo ne Credite: or, Put not thy faith in Printers.

"Oh the Roman was a rogue
He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus
And elegant cravattum,
A maxima cum laude shirt
And such a stylish hattum!"

What Came of the Bets on Betts

During the early summer, in a certain city, there was an epidemic. It raged in the bookstores; it swept over the newsstands; it entered thousands of houses; in short it was a little red book! The subject was splendidly handled, and the style, so they said, was quite classic; but the author, B. B. Betts, nobody seemed to know. The four newspapers of the city, which wrote up long columns about this book, were fairly distracted because they could not do the same about him. The Star had written his publishers for an account of his life; the Sun had begged them to beg him to furnish it with his opinions on modern politics; the Planet had asked for his picture; and the Satellite had asked for his picture, too. To all of these, B. B. Betts replied, through his publishers, that he would not hear of any such thing. But he had committed an imprudence; on his letter, copies of which were sent to the four papers, was the heading, "Crest Village." Found, then, the home of B. B. Betts!

Now each paper had long been boasting that it would be the first to solve the mystery. So people began making bets as to the identity of B. B. Betts, each for his favorite paper. So it really began to mean quite a lot to the Star and the Sun and the Planet, and it meant a lot to the Satellite, too.

As soon as the momentous letters arrived, each paper sent a reporter with a camera to Crest Village. Thus, the morning eastbound train was leisurely boarded by the Star reporter and excitedly boarded by the Sun reporter, and hastily boarded by the Planet reporter, and the very last minute, the Satellite reporter jumped on, too.

When Crest Village was reached, all the reporters left the train, and wondered what to do next. They did not know where B. B. Betts' house was, and they did not care to ask anyone, as the letter B. B. Betts had written had been most strong and emphatic.

So the Star reporter made his way to the village Post Office; and the Sun reporter hung around the village square, and the Planet reporter took up his stand by the one hotel, which was just around the corner; and the Satellite reporter took up his stand there, too.

The people who came to the Post Office looked exceedingly simple and countrified. The Star reporter was just getting disgusted, when a huge, well-dressed man approached him. There was something decidedly aggressive about his chin, so the reporter decided that it was he, and stepped up politely.

"Yes," said the other man in growly voice, looking surprised.

"Well," said the reporter," I was told to come to you—you are the village doctor, aren't you?"

"Certainly not!" rumbled Mr. Betts, "who told you so?"

The reporter produced a folded slip of paper, on which he had previously written, "Dr. Betts, Crest Village."

"A man gave it to me," he explained. "Just take a look at it!"

And, quick as a wink, while the big Mr. Betts was frowning over the bit of paper, the Star reporter snapped his picture and hid the camera again under his coat.

By similar devices, the Sun reporter had discovered a very thin little Mr. Betts with an evil eye, and had furtively obtained a profile view of him; and the Planet reporter had photographed a very tall Mr. Betts with an ugly twist to his mouth. The Satellite reporter had seen this last Mr. Betts, but had only been able to get a back view of him.

On the way home that night, each reporter was too elated to note the elation of the other three. The next morning, each paper appeared in festive array, the Star putting its picture in the middle of a pink front sheet; and the Sun putting its picture in the middle of a green front sheet; and

the Planet putting its picture in the middle of a yellow front sheet; and the Satellite had a yellow one, too.

What was the horror of each editor to see that the picture in his paper was different from each of the other three! What was the dismay of each editor to find that he could not lay his hands on any of those bountiful bets!

Then each editor threw all his work aside and determined to take the matter into his own capable hands. And that morning, the east-bound train bore off the four of them, each too mad to speak to the other three.

Then fate played them a pretty trick. The Star editor met the thin Mr. Betts; and the Sun editor met the tall Mr. Betts; and the Planet editor met the fat Mr. Betts; and the Satellite editor came along, too, just as the fat Mr. Betts was disappearing into the hotel.

So each editor went home, thinking that another paper had been right the day before, and resolved to fire his stupid reporter the very next day.

And, the following morning, when the papers came out, there was as great a mix-up as ever!

There arrived, that morning, the young son of the editor of the Star, who, since his recent graduation from college, had been visiting a classmate in the West. At lunch, the dilemma was explained to him, and, for some strange reason, excited him very much.

That afternoon, he took the first train for Crest Village.

The first person he saw at the station was an exceedingly robust man.

"Bet that's Archibald," he said to himself.

Later, he passed a tall man and a thin man, who were walking down the street together, whom he concluded to be brothers Tommy and Teddy.

"Lord, what a mix-up!" he murmured.

As he went through the village, he looked everywhere for something that he had once heard described as "a little red house, just like a big, ripe tomato." And when at last he

found it, he ran up the path, and flung open the door, not even stopping to ring the bell.

The next minute, he found himself in a cosy little den, holding the hands of a very surprised and very pretty girl.

"Oh, Betty Betts," he cried, "What a search you've led me all this summer long!"

* * * * * *

They went on their honeymoon and had a wonderful time, being amply provided for with all of those bountiful bets on B. B. Betts who was Betts no longer.

And the Star devoted a whole page to the wedding; and the Sun and the Planet followed suit; and the Satellite wrote up a whole page, too, for it glorified in things sentimental!

A Little Goose Rhyme

Ten little Freshmen, all in a line,
One got homesick, and then there were nine.
Nine little Freshmen, coming in late;
One got a lecture, and then there were eight!
Eight little Freshmen, seeking room eleven,
One got lost, and then there were seven!
Seven little Freshmen, marking on the bricks,
One left his initials, and then there was six!
Six little Freshmen thought school one big "Strive,"
One broke down, and then there were five!
Five little Freshmen, slamming every door,
The faculty got nervous, and then there were four!
Four little Freshmen, eating 'neath a tree,
One left his lunch there, and then there were three!
Three little Freshmen, all their worry through?
One flunked his Midyears, and then there were two!
Two little Freshmen, thinking High all fun,
One passed a love-note and then there was one!
One little Freshman, stamping through the hall,
Teacher came out, and then none at all!

"Roast Beef Medium."

The Most Reverend Alcibiades Comus McGillicuddy crawled painfully up the beach, dragging his left leg out of the water. The Most Reverend had had the misfortune to be shipwrecked several miles from any land except straight down. After keeping afloat two days on the only life preserver on board he had sighted land in the shape of two or three small islands. On the 24th of September he floated in with the tide and was now quite completely decked.

Let it be known here that the Right Reverend was a missionary, and as the climate in dear old New Jersey was a little too torrid for the general state of his health, he had decided to mish in parts where he was unknown. As it seemed improbable that the New Jersey newspapers had reached this spot he deemed it quite discreet to alight here, although it was not his original destination.

For the first two days he had lived as that graceful beastie called the camel, i. e., he had feasted sumptuously the day the good ship "Asparagus" had departed for the domains of one David Jones, that the pangs of hunger did not yet gnaw his vitals. The third day, however, an aching void where his breakfast ought to be, reminded him of the fact that there were other things in life besides sleeping.

Near at hand he found a bush covered with red berries, on which he dined heartily and with evident relish. After the last berry had been digested it occurred to Alcibiades that they looked suspiciously like Cornel berries. He felt queerly all the rest of the day and resolved to be more discreet in the future concerning his diet.

Outside of a few red stripes on his chest and back the next morning, he seemed to be his normal self, but he decided a foraging expedition would be in good taste for the A. M.

As yet nothing had bothered his peaceful existence, except an occasional howl from the interior. He stepped blith-

ly forth whistling "Home Sweet Home," and boldly entered the forest primeval. After he had walked, climbed, tripped, stumbled and continued, he saw the habitual smoke, bromidically curling above the trite tree tops. A weird chant, that resembled closely the opening chorus of a musical comedy in full operation, assailed the stillness of the morning. A. Comus McGillicuddy judiciously scaled a murmuring pine or hemlock. From his aerial bleachers he perceived a band of more or less attired natives doing a South Sea Island version of "mooching along." This reminded Alcibiades of home. He clung closer to the Druids of Eld, his teeth wailing the tom-tom in activity.

A. Comus had almost decided to place a Marathon course between himself and the burlesque, when he happened to recollect that the w. k. R. Crusoe had adopted a man Friday, as a personal valet and general choreman and although today was only Wednesday, he saw no reason why he should not annex a dark complexioned scullion for his own private use. Also his keen optics discovered an abundance of a certain valuable yellowish metal, which the natives sported in reckless abundance on their arms, necks, legs, ankles and olefactory organs. "Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames?" He had nothing of particular value to give in exchange for it, but natives are gullable creatures, and he had no doubt of his ability to take about all he could comfortably carry, and French leave. Besides he had eleven cents in his pistol pocket.

Straightening his necktie and tucking in his shoe lacings, he dropped agilely to the ground. Cautiously approaching the wild and wooly group, he smiled pleasantly, bowed and emitted a stream of his best A1 Zulu; the gist of which was to the effect that he would exchange 11 cents and a draft on the Boulevard Trust Co. for a goodly amount of their ornaments.

The chief apparently understood, and giving a sign to

two of the National Guard, he let loose a line of gibberish that would have put Bill Sunday and his jabberwocky out of business. A. C. McGillicuddy found himself firmly bound to a luscious paw-paw tree. "Oogly blick, walla, walla, etc.?" queried the grand vizer, which, by the way, means when translated something to this effect. "Why should I sell you any gold when we are going to eat you?"

Could anything have been more reasonable?

The Prodigy of the School

"You are smart, Percy William," the young man said,
"In Latin you always get A;
For weeks, nay for months, your class you have led;
Now what is the reason, I pray?"

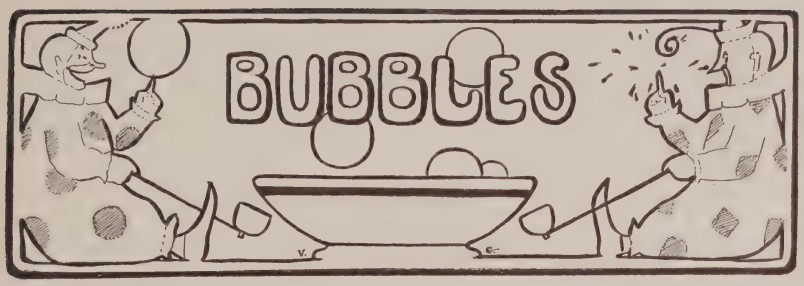
"Do I study my Latin? I surely do not.
Yet why is my teacher not vexed?
The answer is simple—I read up a trot
And write it all out in my text."

"You are bright, Percy William," the young man said,
"In English your work is O. K.;
Your stories are some of the best that I've read;
Now what is the reason, I pray?"

"Do I work on my English?" his comrade replied,
"I often don't give it a look.
My themes, which are filling my teacher with pride,
Are copied right out of some book."

"Your head, Percy William," the young man groaned,
"Is near bursting with matter all gray.
While mine is constructed of nothing but bone;
Now what is the reason, I pray?"

"As I've said," was his answer, "I loaf every night.
However, you grind all the time;
But in school, through bad luck, your work's never right,
While mine is most always sublime."



I get up at six in the morning,
And sit through five hours of school;
I flunk about three recitations,
And stay back 'til four as a rule.
I study 'til about half-past nine,
Then banish each care and each sorrow.
Gee!
But
You're
A
Lucky
Guy!
Yep, nothing to do till tomorrow.

Mr. C.—"Where shall I draw this line? To B or not to B?"
From the grave—"Yes, that is the question."

Tom—"Dick doesn't know what to do with his week-end.
Jerry—"Why doesn't he put a hat on it?"

Betty's had an accident!
But quite a harmless one,—
It's nothing but a little bang
Upon her forehead—just for fun!

Calamity! Calamity! Several Freshmen were seen tearing up the front steps—! ! !

We asked the young lady across the way (N. D.) what the French for tomorrow is, and she said sweetly—"Demain."

Mr. C.—"What was that noise?"
McPherson—"Oh, I dropped a perpendicular."

O'H (translating)—"How long, O Cicero, are you going to abuse our patience?"
Dr. R.—"Until April, when we take up Virgil."

Miss S—"What is the most striking scene in this chapter?"
Defarge—"The guillotine scene."

A room 25 effort—"He was stabbed in the vittles."
—Probably metonony, meaning the stomach."

Miss A—"What gender is letter?"
Tris—"Male."

Duane: (translating Latin)—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck-er-er-that's as far as I went last night." Yes, Chames, if we may express our humble opinion, that were quite far enough.

Donald (reciting the months)—"Janvrier, fevrier, mars, avril, etc." Shapiro wildly waves his hand.
Miss H.—"Well, Shapiro?"
Shapiro—"He left out Tuesday!"

Mr. C.—"Murphy, you may take the corner seat."
There being four corner seats to every classroom, (room 20 included) Murphy has been shipped to the vivisectionist's.

Dr. R.—(Syntax)—"What do you do with your 'quid.'"
Via wireless—"Chew it."

Miss S.—"What new character is introduced in this chapter?"

A. B. Shaw—"Old Bailey."

"My bonnie lies under the auto,
My bonnie lies under the car—
Please send to the garage for someone,
It's lonesome up here where I are."

Miss A.—"Where does the lesson begin, page 8?"
Voice—"Nein."

Student—"I'd like a Caesar Trot."
Clerk—"Here they are, sir."
Student—"Is this a free translation?"
Clerk—"No sir, twenty-five cents apiece."

Miss L.—"What do we get at the intersection of two lines?"

Harriet—"A transfer."

Mr. C.—"For the next time, examples four to six, writing four."

Fresh Guy—"How can we write four, when there are only three examples?"

"There are some in this class—etc."

Mr. C.—"What line shall I draw?"
Pupil—"BC."
Mr. C.—"Be seated!"

Bowers—"If the Sagamore doesn't accept this manuscript, I shall write to them, some thing very caustic."

Edward—"O' course, Dick!

Mr. C.—"Is this a solid geometry class?"
Georgie—"No, sir; this is a solid algebra class."

I WONDER!

Who tells us much about the Rhine,
Of maidens fair and castles fine,
Who makes us chant "du, deiner, dien?" I wonder!

Who dotes upon the Shakespearian stage?
Who freezes up and glares with rage
At one mistake on a written page? I wonder!

Who tells us old Assyria's doom?
Whose maps too often seal our doom,
So that we wish them in the tomb? I wonder!

Who makes us say "Que voulez-vous?"
Who gets into on awful stew
Because our accent isn't true? I wonder!

Who knows all Caesar's great campaigns?
And flunking guys who haven't brains,
Gives Cicero to the remains? I wonder!

Mr. S.—"Why haven't you prepared your Latin?"
Pupil—"Because I took home my geometry for my Caesar, and my Caesar for my geometry."

From a Freshman theme—"The bear came out to get her bearings."

Mr. C. (after O'Hearn has completed a geometry theorem)—"We will turn to the board and look at O'Hearn's figure."

And now that I've dug up old wheezes,
And poems, and bushels of stuff.
I hope that this colyum you pleases;
For, really, I've worked hard enough.

SWIMMING.

The Brookline High School swimming team is coming around in great form. Mr. Stafford is always on the job, and with his coaching and Capt. Ridley's leadership, the usual high record of former years is being well upheld.

Brookline, 35; English, 18.

English High School was defeated in fine style.

We find Capt. Ridley, the "Richardson twins," and Klein showing up particularly well.

Brookline, 29; Huntington, 24.

Brookline won by a small margin in this meet because of the absence of two of our best swimmers—D. Richardson and C. Woods. The contest was a good one and all those who saw it were well repaid for their trouble.

At the meeting of the track team "Bob" Hull was elected captain, Spitz, our former leader having left B. H. S. for Technology.

HOCKEY.

The hockey team has been going along in championship form, and has only once been defeated by a high or preparatory school team. On account of the poor financial condition of the athletic association, the team has been obliged to play most of its games away from home, as we could not give expenses to teams of reputation to come to Brookline.

It can be readily seen that the team has been handicapped, playing away from home and before hostile crowds, and that it has come through so successfully only adds to its credit. The team does not expect support from the school on its trips, but it does expect support, and deserving support when the games are played at the Arena. So far, this support has been conspicuous by its absence. We have had no attendance from the school at any Interscholastic League game, while our opponents had many and enthusiastic followers.

Brookline 2, Exeter 0.

The hockey team traveled up to the White Mountain State to meet Exeter Academy, January 19. Exeter always has a formidable team, and this year was no exception, but they were forced to acknowledge the superiority of our speedy puck-chasers. The first score was made by Mahan, and Dooley caged the second.

Brookline 1, Medford 0.

In a game that has much to do with settling the Interscholastic League championship, our team defeated the Medford septet at the Arena, Jan. 28. Medford had tied Newton and defeated Milton Academy, and was in line for State's championship, until our victory over them. The game was a thrilling contest, and displayed some of the best schoolboy hockey seen this season. The only score of the game was made by Dooley in a clever shot from the side.

The lineup was:

Brookline	Medford
Dooley, lw	lw, Sanford
O'Hearn, c	c, Furr
Mahan, r	r, Donellan
Taylor, rw	rw, Hammond
Threshie, p	p, Kelley
Faulkner, cp	cp, Christianson
Whittemore, g	g, Vye

Brookline 11, Dorchester 1.

Brookline had an easy time defeating Dorchester High at Cypress Street, Jan. 31. Only clever stops by Dorchester's goal tender prevented a larger score. Mahan scored 4, Dooley 3, O'Hearn 3, and Taylor 1.

Brookline 3, Boston College High 1.

On Feb. 4, our team defeated B. C. H. and the referee as well. The scores were made by Mahan, O'Hearn and Faulkner. Their only score came after Capt. Threshie had been put off the ice.

Brookline 1, Melrose 1.

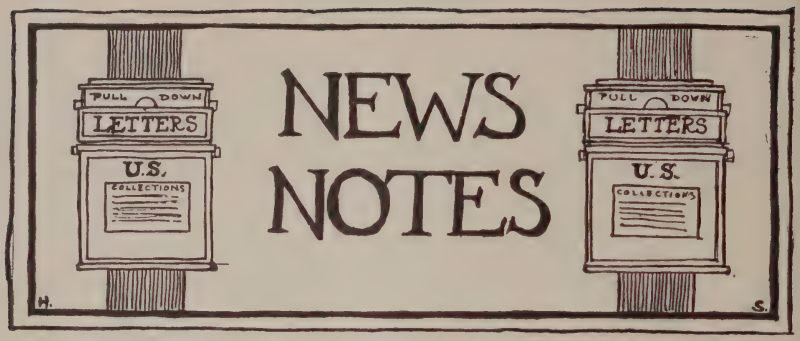
In the third Interscholastic League game, our boys taken off their feet by the offensive playing of Melrose, and before they recovered from their surprise, the opponents had scored a goal. This was a shock to the over confidence of our team, and put it in the first really tight place that it had been in. The power of our team was shown, when it came back in the second period and tied the score. After that neither side could score. This game has one good result, as it removed the over-confidence of our team, without breaking our defeat record.

The lineup:

Brookline	Melrose
Dooley, lw	lw, Smith
O'Hearn, c	c, Jones
Mahan, r	r, Sanford
Taylor, rw	rw, Kelley
Faulkner, p	p, Cohen
Threshie, cp	cp, Tortes
Whittemore, g	g, Burgess

Brookline 7, Melrose 0.

In the playoff of the tie with Melrose, our team woke up and swamped their opponents, Mahan scoring three goals, while Dooley, Taylor, Faulkner, and Threshie each registered one apiece.



B. H. S. CALENDAR.

Mar. 2—Swimming meet, Worcester at Worcester.
Mar. 7—Swimming meet, Huntington at Brookline.
Mar. 7—Rifle team, Brookline vs. Dorchester.
Mar. 8—Hockey, Newton vs. Brookline (League game).
Mar. 14—Rifle team, Brookline vs. Country Day.
Mar. 15—Hockey, Arlington vs. Brookline (League game).
Mar. 21—Rifle team, Brookline vs. Harvard Freshmen.
Mar. 22 and 23—B. H. S. Dramatics.
Mar. 28—Rifle team, Brookline vs. English High.
Mar. 30—Bay State Rifle Association Tournament.

On February 12, the first of the Girls' Interclass debates was held between the Sophomores and Freshmen in Room 28. The subject read, "Resolved: That Student Government be adopted in the High School."

Affirmative	Negative
Dora Gottlieb '21	Eleanor Shaw '20
Regina Vachon '21	Miriam Lathrop '20
Genevieve McEldowery '21	Margaret Fenerty '20

The judges, Miss Sawyer, Miriam Doan '18, and Elizabeth Sutherland '18, awarded the decision to the negative.

Owing to the numerous war activities and the lack of sufficient time for preparation, it has been agreed to do

away with the Boys' and Girls' Interscholastic Debates this year.

On Feb. 14, the entire student body assembled in Shailer Hall for the first time since the re-opening of school. An oration on Democracy, given some years ago by President Lowell in Birmingham, England, was read by Archie Redley '19. This was the first of a series of Patriotic meetings to be held weekly.

Trials for dramatics were held in Room 16 B, Feb. 14. The play decided upon for this year is "The Man Who Stayed At Home." The following cast has been selected:

Mirriam Lee	Eunice Morse
Molly Preston	Kate Atkins
Mrs. Sanderson	Doris Neal
Fraulein Schroeder	Helene Feldman
Daphne Kidlington	Barbara Bouvé
Miss Myrtle.	Miriam Doan
Christopher Brent	Henry Horn
Carl Sanderson	C. Barnard Tucker
Percival Pennicuick	W. Barton Leach
Mr. John Preston	Donald Wilbur
Fritz	Stanley Blish
Corporal Atkins	Payson Rowe
General Understudy	Wallace Putnam

The play will be given in Devotion Hall, March 22 and 23. Thomas Taylor '19, has been appointed manager.

A promptly accepted challenge has been issued by the Girls' Debating Club to the boys. The debate will be held in Shailer Hall some time after vacation, the teams consisting of Miriam Doan '18, Iris Woodman '19, Mary Potter '20, versus Leach '18, Ridley '18, Shapiro '18.

A violin class for beginners is being conducted in Shailer Hall every Monday under the able instruction of Mr. Blackman from Roxbury.

The school socials held Feb. 1 and 21 were as usual well attended and much enjoyed.

Beginning today, tickets for Dramatics will be sold every day in the library during recess and from 1.30 to 1.45.

The engagement is announced of Annette Foley '04 B. H. S. and William O'Hearn '06.

'10 James E. Flood has enlisted in the U. S. A. R. Flying Corps and has gone to Pensicola, Florida, where he will attend school for three months.

'10. The announcement has been made of the marriage of Carolyn Starr Burdett, a graduate of Vassar college, 1914, and Raymond S. B. Perry of Peekskill, N. Y.

'13. The announcement is received of the marriage of Capt. Robert G. Paine and Miss Ellaine Wemple of Cranford, N. J. Capt. Paine is a graduate of B. H. S. and of Dartmouth, 1917. He is now stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma.

We received news last month of the engagement of Lois Carver, B. H. S. '14 to Donald R. Stevens, B. H. S. '10. Lois Carver is a senior this year at Vassar College. "Don" Stevens is with the Goodyear Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, and is in full charge of their department for making government war balloons.

'14. "Flo" Dusossoit has been ordered into service as private, 1st class, in the aviation section of the signal corps.

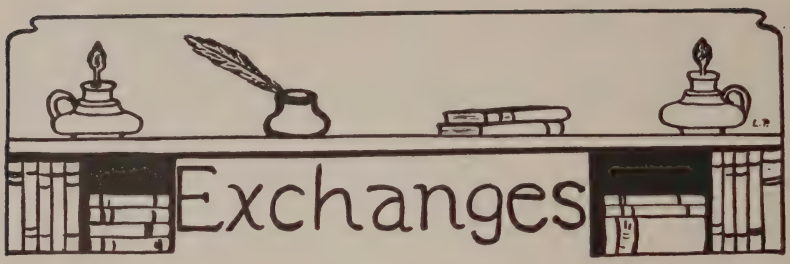
In Harvard's list of best scholars we find in Group I, Merrill Spaulding '16; in Group II. Laurence Richardson '15; and in Group III, Francis J. Casey B. H. S. '17.

'15. Max Untersee, as captain of the M. I. T. swimming team, has been working in excellent form this year. In the meet with the University of Penn. he won the 50 and 100 yards events, and saved the relay race by picking up ten yards on Penn's anchor.

Ex '18. Donald H. Kerr has been elected class poet for the senior class at Exeter. It is said that he has shown more than ordinary skill as a writer of verse for the school magazine. All of which is probably due to our early influence!

Ex '18. "Ed" Foster Bowditch has left us for the Stone School where he has been playing hockey for them.

Ex. '15. The news was received here not long ago of the death of Gordon Stewart, who was a graduate of the Runkle school and a pupil for three years at B. H. S. He graduated from Chauncey Hall, and entered Tech. In April 1917 he entered the American Ambulance Service, but in October he enlisted in the Air Service as a Cadet Pilot.



I wandered on. The noise grew louder, the confusion greater. Every once in a while I had to duck my head to escape a book that was hurled at it. Shrill cries penetrated my troubled brain. Then came a volley of magazines that buried me under their weight and number. I recognized:

Triangle	Eltrurian	Dean Megaphone
Powder Horn	Clarion	Cambridge Review
Criterion	Keramos	Huntington Record
Gazette	Trade Winds	Hotchkiss Monthly

From outside I heard the piercing yells of the newsboys.

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"Here's the Powder Horn, for those who have a distorted sense of humor."

"Try the Criterion, a newsy paper with a particularly interesting "Players' Page."

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"Let me up, let me up," I screamed hopelessly, but no one heard me. I stopped my ears to shut out the uproar. Little by little the noise and clamor subsided, and smuggled among my exchanges, I fell asleep.

D. N. '18.

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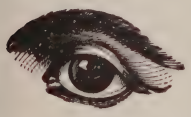

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Pupils of B. H. S.: All this year we've "pleaded, begged and prayed" that you **"Patronize Our Advertisers."** Some heed our plea, others (the majority) don't. Will those who *do*, please continue—and will those who don't, *please, Oh, please*—

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Quinn, David, florist
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Market Trust Company, bank
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Use at least a quart a day!

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HOOD'S MILK

USE MORE OF IT!

The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—*Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXIV APRIL, 1918 No. 5

Editorial

"Y' know, I may not look it, but I'm a deuced fool at some things," says Christopher Brent in "The Man Who Stayed at Home," and it is our opinion that this quotation is worthy of becoming proverbial. We are all more or less in that condition. We're "deuced fools at some things," and it is to correct this deficiency that men and women, leaders in the outside world, and occasionally some of our own number spend their good time preparing and delivering what would be enlightening discourses on current topics, if they were listened to with a moderate degree of attention,—and we, blazé cherubs that we are, we yawn, we cough, we talk and we do our math that we couldn't do last night because we just *had* to see Theda Bara in "The Baby Vampire," and what is worse: when asked what we thought of the morning's talk, we think we're doing quite the thing by disavowing any knowledge whatsover of the topic discussed.

If some person will get on the platform who can make us laugh every so often, we might listen to him; but as to a discussion of the Liberty Loan or Lowell's essay on "Democracy," oh, dear, no! We're simply bored to tears! Besides it's hard enough to get along on our small allowance of two dollars a week without spending good money on these complicated government things.

Really, people, something must be done. It isn't intelligent. We don't look bright. It may be all right to appreciate humor when it is presented in the Hall; but, after all, the primary object of the High School is not the production of successful vaudeville,

but rather the enlightenment of the youth of the town on the subjects of this and other days.

Let us keep this in mind; let us remember that we get out of a discourse only what we put into it in the form of attention; let us give the next speaker in the Hall the courtesy of an interested audience; and by our concentration on affairs of the day, let us try to discover whether the Third Liberty Loan is for the benefit of the Watch and Ward Society or the S. P. C. A.

James, order a hearse. The Sagamore has a rival. Miss Maccabe's Freshman English division, IV B, has published the first number of what promises to be a monthly magazine, entitled *Nostri Labores*. The translation of this title is comparatively simple: since *Nostri* is the first word, you elide the first and last letters and then assume that the *st* becomes *u* in English by Avogadro's Hypothesis. Hence the word is *Our*. The next is even simpler: being the second word you naturally elide the second letter from the end and *voilà*, you have the complete title, *Our Labors*.

To turn, however, from the ridiculous to the sublime, may we, us usual, assume the Exchange Editor's responsibilities and pass judgment on the paper as demonstrating above all else a laudable ambition to do the thing right. Its poetry is fine, some of its stories are very good, its editorial is all right, but its jokes—ah, they are to weep!

Stick to it, IV B, and you'll soon see your stuff in the Sagamore.

It has been suggested that the Senior Class might help win the war by charging admission to its meetings. It would be a particularly clever bit of diplomacy to donate the proceeds to the Red Cross for, if the meetings wax much warmer, the services of that organization may be sorely needed.

Hoch der Kaiser!
Down with the Czar!

The Brookline Townsman: "The roadside fences, trees, and shrubbery of the more remote sections of the town will undoubtedly remain in their present fine condition."—Undoubtedly! Harris' Flivver is no more!

A certain ironical significance was given to the moral of the "Fable" in the last issue by the fact that the issue in question, announcing the close of the Sagamore Competition, did not appear until said competition had been closed two days.—Too true, the moral read: "Put not thy Faith in Printers!"

We haven't mentioned it before, but at an Afternoon Social a couple of months ago, one of our older friends presented a dollar bill to pay for his refreshments and refused any change. It costs about a dollar and a half to print and distribute this item but the spirit behind that dollar bill is worth ten times the amount.

Serious consideration has been made of incorporating the annual Dramatics as "Horn & Co.," but Hienie balls it all up by going and graduating. Somebody's always taking the joy out of life!

It is our one pride and joy that the *Sagamore* this year has published no joke on camouflage or the Ford, and has not employed the expressions, "over the top" and "over there."

We thank you!

The Nine Departed Friends

Old Bill the Kaiser slaps his chest and then begins to howl,
"Americans in France are like the teeth in barnyard fowl."
But, Billy Boy, an awful shock is coming to you soon:
You'll find they're just as frequent as the wrinkles on a prune!

—L. '18

True Heroism

AWARDED SECOND PRIZE IN THE SAGAMORE LITERARY COMPETITION

The big troop ship, bound for Europe, was being towed slowly out of New York harbor. Alden Chester, lieutenant in the United States Aviation, leaning against the stern rail, was dreamily watching the Great City, dropping away behind him. It was late afternoon and the setting sun, scarcely penetrating a heavy, murky sky, hung suspended over the blue silhouette of lofty sky-scrapers. The hazy ball of pale gold light, seemingly ashamed of its poor showing and desirious of hiding, dropped quickly behind a tall building. Objects became less and less distinct, outlines became blurred, masses lost their true shape. A passing steamer loomed up strangely, mysterious as a phantom ship. All was veiled in the bluish mist of approaching evening.

The watcher's thoughts were in sympathy with this sombre picture. His mind wandered here and there over the scenes of his recent life. His whole scheme of existence had been frustrated by the call to the colors. All his ambitions and hopes were to be unrealized, his congenial work must be put away, his immediate ideas and plans could not be materialized. He had given up everything for which he had considered life worth living. All this because an army of Boches had run amuck. He thought of the folks at home. He must write often. Then of his parting from Marjorie. Was she thinking of him then? Not very likely. He watched the miniature whirlpools in the dark, deep waters beneath him as they whirled away out of his sight, giving place to new.

Suddenly a light shone out, the torch of the Statue of Liberty, reflecting its shining silver path across the water directly towards him. He looked up and saw flying above his head the Star Spangled Banner. A thrill ran down his spine. He felt himself to be an infinitesimal cog in a grand machine. His country was fighting for something Big. He threw down shattered hopes and vain regrets and was inspired with the feeling that he had work to be done. He would do his best and with a mighty will.

* * * * * * * *

The day was dark, dismal, cold. An ill-boding sky lowered threateningly over the devasted plains, behind the French trenches. Chester sat at the door of a shell-shattered building which served as the aviators' quarters. He was restless and ill at ease, at times oppressed by some strange despondency, then again jumping up eager for physical action. He had started to write home but, fearing that his mother might read homesickness between his gloomy lines, he had desisted. He was lonesome. He had received no letters from Marjorie for weeks. His particular pal had fallen while landing the week before and had been taken to the hospital. His supply of tobacco had been used up, so he could not find consolation in his pipe. He tried to read "Vanity Fair" for the fourth time. How trifling was its humor! Finally he picked up an old newspaper and was struck and vastly impressed by these lines which he had somehow missed before: "Germans dosing us with our own medicine." [A heading.] "The Germans have made several tanks from a captured British model which are doing destructive work near here. * * * It seems a crime that the enemy should reap the harvest of our inventive geniuses. The Germans are by nature not an inventive race but exhibit remarkable skill in stealing, adapting and sometimes improving the inventions of the Allies. Every effort should be made and precautions taken to prevent the enemy from securing our inventions. Something invented for the Germans had better have been left uninvented."

This perusal was interrupted by the hum of a distant airplane. Looking up he recognized the "Eagle" returning from a flight over the trenches. The "Eagle" was a new machine on which were installed several important inventions by a Yankee lieutenant. He watched its steady approach. Once, an end tipped up slightly as if caught in a sudden squall of wind, but it righted again quickly, swooping down like the great bird for which it was named, and landed safely on the broad plain. While Chester was helping to push it into a shed the commanding officer approached with instructions for him. He was ordered to fly to a certain section of the German trenches, where it was planned to

take offensive movements that night, and to acquaint himself thoroughly with the territory and all the conditions involved.

Mounting into the seat of the "Eagle" he spun the propeller and rose on a long grade high up in the air, circled around and headed toward the firing line. It was cold. In spite of his heavy clothing a shiver shook his frame. A chilly mist drove against his face. The sky began to look more and more ominous. It was dangerous flying. He felt a certain pride in the fact that he had been singled out for this important mission. Finally he saw below him little puffs of smoke and the network of black lines which were the trenches. High in the air he passed over these. Then he circled downward in order to get a closer view of the land.

Suddenly he saw rising toward him a German plane. It was a large, two-man machine. As this huge gray monster mounted upward, manoeuvring for an advantageous position, he felt a sinking of the heart, a premonition of he knew not what. He saw a little puff of smoke and felt a crash, a shock. The machine lost headway. His propeller was shot away. He came into a direct line with the German, aimed carefully and fired. He saw a plane double under like a broken wing, and the machine flop to the ground, far, far below, like a wounded bird. Having disposed of his enemy, his own position struck him. His motive power was gone. He could volplane to the ground but only to be captured by the Germans. The "Eagle" would be taken, the inventions copied and used against his countrymen. He felt that these inventions had been intrusted to his keeping. He could not allow them to fall into the hands of the enemy.

High up in the air, among the clouds, he fought a solitary battle against an inborn love of life. Reasoning clear-mindedly, moved not by a blind, reckless courage, but upheld by a holy devotion for his country and a conviction that he was in the right, he finally determined upon the only alternative. Grasping the levers, he turned the planes, heading directly towards the earth, thousands of feet below, to his own destruction and the annihilation of the machine.

Wallace B. Putnam, '18.

The Ballad of Fairdinkum

(With thanks to John Masefield)

AWARDED HONORABLE MENTION IN THE SAGAMORE LITERARY COMPETITION

A bit of Australian slang I've heard
(O, mark th' expression well.)
When a thing you know to be O. K.,
Genuine or the like you wish to say,
"Fairdinkum" is the word.
(Now listen to the tale I tell.)

To the Dardanelles, the stragetic straits,
(Now mark th' number well)
Eighteen regiments of Australian men
Were sent by the dictates of th' official pen
To guard th' important gates.
(Now listen to what befell.)

A major bold to a captain went.
(Listen to his orders well.)
"Don't let your men fire till you get commands,
For a party of Indian working hands
Have just to the front been sent."
(O, what a tale to tell.)

No working party had the captain seen.
(Listen to his question well.)
"31" on the major's collar he read,
"I say, are you fairdinkum?" he said,
A detective he must have been!
(Slang phrases he knew well.)

Without hesitation the major replied,
(Listen to his answer well.)
"I'm Major Fairdinkum," he boldly said,
And the captain shot him right thru the head,
For he knew the man had lied.
(Listen and the way I'll tell.)

The major of number thirteen was dead.
(Listen to the actions well.)
His uniform was taken by the spying Hun,
And number thirteen changed thirty-one
Lest he be detected.
(Yet just see what befell.)

Now if you never wish to hang,
(Listen to my moral well,)
If you wish your plans to be O. K.,
And perhaps to save your life some day,
Just know all kinds of slang.
(You've heard all I have to tell.)

MIRIAM HUSSEY, '18.

A Field, A Soldier, A World

AWARDED FIRST PRIZE IN THE SAGAMORE LITERARY COMPETITION

Once a field where daisies grew;
Once a sky where song birds flew;
Now a stage for the scenes of war;
Nothing heard but the cannon's roar.

Only a word in the book of death,
Only a cross on some lonely field;
A broken heart in some heavy breast,
Only a tear on some face revealed.

Only a war the histories say,
'Tis only a woman has the price to pay,
Only a world with war's cross to bear,
Only a mother with no son to care.

ELEANOR SHAW, '20.

The Black Diamond Hunt

AWARDED THIRD PRIZE IN THE SAGAMORE LITERARY COMPETITION

It was morning and Mr. Peters awoke. Outside his window the rising sun glowed orange through the lacy boughs of a tree, like a delicate chiffon scarf traced through with purple threads. Across the road was a hedge, its slim, stiff stalks crowned with a gleaming mass of colorful opals born of snow and the first rays of the sun. Window panes were as red as valentine hearts in reflected light. The harsh colors of houses softened into the sky. It was an ugly, ordinary street but even ordinary streets are beautiful at dawn.

Mr. Peters, however, cared naught for the beauties of the morning. His thoughts centered on a furnace, his own, and a coal bin, also his own. Ordinarily he would only have sighed once, but now he sighed five times in quick succession and scowled at the polka dots on the ceiling, the while he drew his arm from its warm nest slowly swinging it back and forth until his fingers encountered his bedroom slippers. With another sigh, a long one this time, he arose, dressed and wearily descended the cellar stairs.

His candle sent wavering rays of light into the dark, throwing twisted shadows which fell into queer, mocking shapes dancing along before him as he advanced toward the furnace.

He opened its door quickly, as though to take by surprise a last red coal in flight. No luck. He turned reluctantly to the coal bin, and at last the secret of his ill humor is revealed. The coal bin contained no coal, only wood.

Mr. Peters hurled paper and kindling and wood and matches through the door, slammed it shut and sat down upon his chopping block.

It was a wonderful chopping block, of cherry wood. Mr. Peters loved it dearly and sat down upon it to be comforted.

Later, rather much later, he appeared in the kitchen for his breakfast. Bacon and eggs, hot coffee and buttered toast. Mr. Peters stared at them. His eyes feasted, but his stomach, having already been plentifully fed on smoke, declined to partake.

Head hanging, he walked to his office. It was cold. Cold home, cold office, cold outside. Pray what is a poor man to do? Mr. Peters went to the nearest saloon.

There he met Dr. O'Connor and grumbled, ready for sympathy, "Cold up to your house, too?"

"Cold! no indeed, very comfortable, I assure you."

"Well, in heaven's name tell me how you do it!"

"Why, I went to the Town Hall and got some coal."

"How very simple." Mr. Peters having stormed the Town Hall in vain was a trifle bitter.

The doctor glanced cautiously around, and then said confidentially, "Oh, I say, if you want some coal, why just go to the Town Hall and use my name. You'll get it," and departed.

Mr. Peters stood rooted to the spot, suspicion in his attitude, animosity in the gaze that followed Dr. O'Connor's progress down the street.

"Huh!" he ejaculated fiercely, "use his name! Damn him! If he's pulling my leg, look out."

Thus relieving his feelings, Mr. Peters gave his trousers a hitch and stalked toward the Town Hall, chin pugnaciously prominent.

He was received churlishly by a clerk with red hair who always told his friends that he had a naturally sweet disposition gone sour.

Mr. Peters, in a firm voice, mentioned Dr. O'Connor.

"Oh, and are you an Irishman?" asked the clerk pleasantly.

Mr. Peters cast about in his mind. "E-r, yes, I'm er- - I've er- - some Irish blood in me. My er - my grandfather was an Irishman, born in Dublin, came over in—"

"Good afternoon. We never give coal to an Irishman. He's perfectly capable of looking out for himself."

Mr. Peters blinked feebly. "I never did think much of that grandfather."

"But of course, if you're Scotch——"

"Yes, indeed, Scotch, oh, yes," beamed Mr. Peters, his imagination in good working order, "my mother had some Scotch relations."

"Why, we'd never think of giving you any coal," continued he of the red hair sweetly.

"But of course they were very distant," gasped M.. Peters.

The red haired one eyed him coldly. "We might give you a half a ton," he said.

"Yes, when?"

"Why, we'll try and get it to you sometime early in June if you're in a hurry for it."

Mr. Peters wilted but revived slightly under a trickling stream of words from the clerk to this effect, "Of course, if you wish to pay extra— -?"

"Anything, I'll do anything."

The clerk raised his eyebrows, pursed his mouth and stared distrustfully at Mr. Peter's shoes, which needed polishing.

"How much?" demanded the owner of the shoes, nothing daunted.

"Ten dollars," said the clerk, as though apologizing for the absurd smallness of the sum.

"Here it is," cried Mr. Peters, immediately.

Red Hair gazed dreamily out of the window. "Fill out this slip."

Feverishly Mr. Peters wrote his name, address, telephone number, income, age and religion.

The clerk handed him his order. "Tonight," he said, and then, "Of course *you* pay for the hauling."

"Certainly, certainly." Mr. Peters felt dazed but happy.

He stepped out into the cold wind, which burned holes in his cheeks, but felt it not. He went to his office, dark and damp as an Egyptian tomb, but cared not, only whistled. Tomorrow there would be coal in the coal bin.

He dreamed. The Garden of Eden lay before him and lumps of coal grew on the trees. What fruit could a tree have more beautiful! What a work of magic is a lump of coal, shapeless and dead black, so simple a thing as a few sticks of burning wood transform into a living ball of warmth which, with other balls of its kind, form a scene surpassed in brilliancy of

color only by a sunset sky, and in the pleasure and sense of well being it imparts, by nothing under heaven. So thought Mr. Peters.

At dinner that night he wished to break the news to his wife. "Coal," he began solemnly, "is the one thing needed to sustain life, the one essential——."

"Your food, dear, you have always considered very important," broke in his wife.

"Oh, yes, food of course," he exclaimed irritably. Unlike most of us he did not enjoy being interrupted in any such fashion.

"But coal," he explained, enthusing once more, "coal is—is—coal is an exquisite thing. I've got some," he concluded abruptly, poetry basely deserting him.

The good lady choked. (Real authors always say "the good lady," meaning one without particular merit.) "Samuel, Samuel! Do you really mean you've got some coal—some COAL ?"

"Certainly, my dear," genially.

"Oh, oh my stars and garters!"

Mr. Peters unconcernedly erected a dike of spinach to prevent a sea of vinegar from flooding his meat.

"Oh, my stars and garters!" repeated the good lady dazedly, 'oh, my stars and gar——"

A decided step on the porch, followed by a decided ring of the bell.

"I shouldn't be surprised if that was our coal," yawned Mr. Peters indifferently, but his eyes gleamed.

Mrs. flew to the door and gave directions in flurried excitement. Mr. stood at the window, his whole being soothed by that sweet music which we all know and appreciate—coal going down a shute.

He had his coal. He now went to bed that the time when he would use it might approach the faster.

But all was not over. There is a saying, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." Mr. Peters may be considered as wearing a crown of coal, even bracelets and anklets of coal, in

fact he is quite surrounded by coal, and as a consequence his head lay very, very uneasy indeed.

As a king might reason, "How extraordinarily simple it would be for Count S—— to seize my crown," so Mr. Peters reasoned, "What a cinch it would be for Old Rogers (his next door neighbor) to steal my coal." Mr. Peters never had liked Mr. Rogers. He had so much beard and moustache one could never see his mouth to tell when he was laughing.

Thinking thus and turning over and over restlessly, Mr. Peters was about to conclude that the next day he would have an iron door put on the cellar and all the windows barred, when he heard a most suspicious noise.

He vaulted out of bed and down the stairs to the cellar. True to his expectations, there stood Mr. Rogers, a flour sack over his shoulder, seemingly not in the least embarrassed. (His moustache didn't show embarrassment). "Why, how do you do," he exclaimed cordially, just as though it were his cellar and Mr. Peters his guest.

Mr. Peters glared. "Gimme my coal," he said.

"*Your coal?*" Mr. Rogers was extremely perplexed. (His moustache allowed him, or he allowed it, to show perplexity.) "Your coal, my dear sir, what *do* you mean?" he asked with a correct Harvard accent.

"I mean you dump the coal out of that sack into my coal bin and get out of here quick before I call a policeman," replied Mr. Peters heatedly.

"I'll do nothing of the sort. This is *my* coal."

"*Your* coal?"

"Yes, *mine.*"

"*Yours*!!"

"Yes, mine, mine, *mine!!*"

"How do you explain it?" asked Mr. Peters curiously.

"I brought a sample of mine over to see if it was like yours. *Mine* is of a very superior quality. I *would* have been willing to give you half of mine and accept half of yours. I have always believed that neighbors should share each other's fortunes and misfortunes."

"You idiot, d'yer think I'll believe a thin story like that? Dump that coal, I say! *Dump* it!" Mr. Peters was becoming apoplectic.

"Really, my dear Mr. Peters, I fear for your reason."

"*Dump* it!"

With great dignity Mr. Rogers began to ascend the cellar stairs.

If his audacity rendered Mr. Peters incapable of speech, it had the opposite effect upon his actions. With an infuriated howl he made a clumsy tackle for Mr. Rogers waist and found himself gnawing at Mr. Roger's shoes.

Evidently Mr. Roger's placidity of mind was deserting him. He grabbed viciously at Mr. Peter's hair. They fought—only to be interrupted by a prying policeman.

"What's all this?" called he pompously.

"This man has outrageously mistaken my motives, officer."

"That old liar stole my coal," howled Mr. Peters.

"Officer do try to reason with this gentleman." Whereupon Mr. Rogers told his little tale.

The policeman was impressed. He turned to Mr. Peters. "Can you prove that this man has stolen your coal?" he asked sternly. "Do you know how many pieces of coal you had, so that you can count them and see if there are any missing?"

"Oh, Lord," groaned Mr. Peters in an agony of self-reproach that he had not.

"Can you prove that he has stolen that coal?" repeated the policeman.

"D'yer think that old miser'd ever offer to *share* his coal? Not on your life. Anyway, why didn't he ring the door-bell at a decent time of night and tell me about it?"

The policeman looked at Mr. Rogers.

"I thought I would give him a pleasant surprise," with perfect calm.

"Pleasant!" cried the infuriated Mr. Peters.

The policeman stroked his chin reflectively.

"Open that bag and see if that coal isn't just like mine!"

The policeman did so. It was.

"But mine is like that, too," interjected Mr. Rogers mildly.

They went to Mr. Roger's cellar to see. It was.

The policeman was stalled. He scratched his head. Mr. Peters looked mad and Mr. Rogers bored.

* * * * * * *

Dear reader, if you are still with me, and I will not blame you if you are not, I am drowning in a deep sea. Having undertaken to create a Mr. Peters, a Mr. Rogers and a policeman I know not what to do with them. Mr. Peters is a silly creature. I do not like Mr. Rogers. Neither am I overfond of the policeman. Therefore have I doomed them. Forever will they quarrel about the coal and never will they decide whose it is.

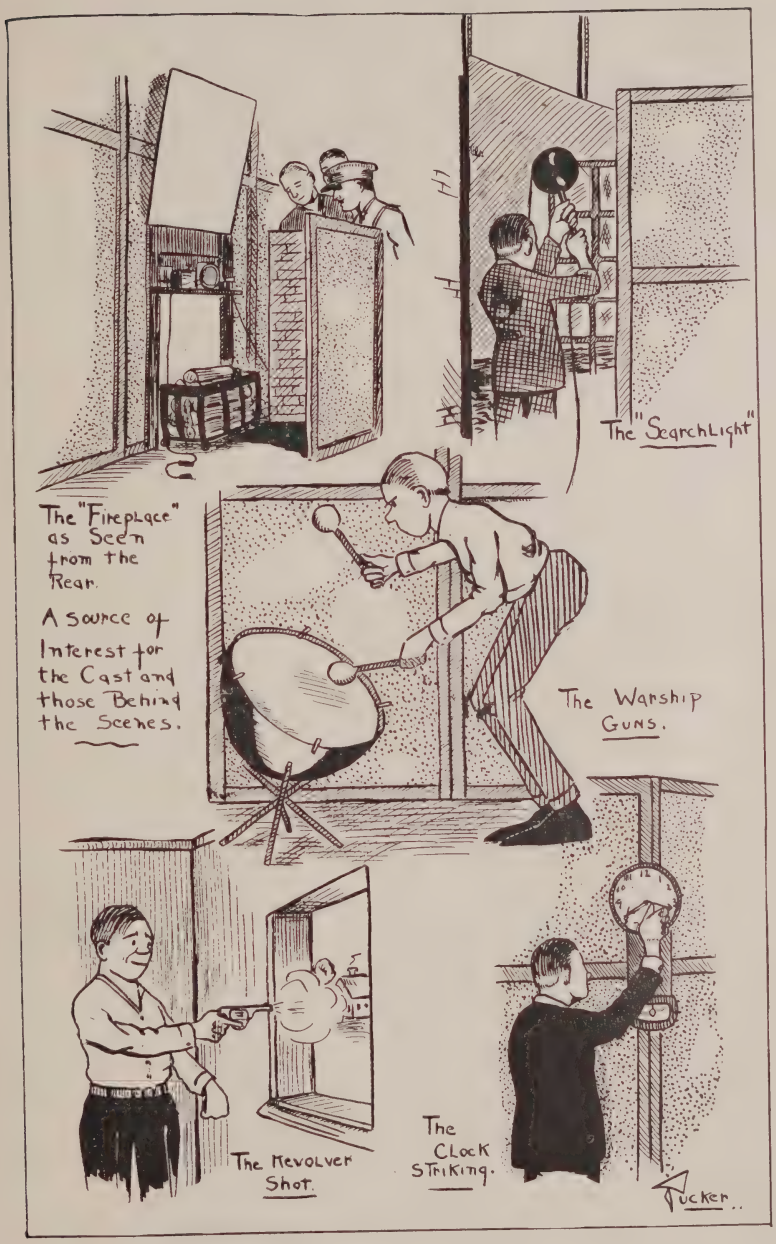
You may decide if you like, but in doing so do not accuse me of a "Lady or the Tiger" object. I assure you if I am secretly imitating a favorite, he is not Frank Stockton.

Again I beg of you, do not accuse me of carelessness as to detail. If I have put in a few inconsistencies, it was done purposely. What is a story, or a play, or poem, or anything without inconsistencies? What would you, reader, have to discuss if it were not for inconsistencies? You hunt them as eagerly as a cat hunts a mouse. What a warm, prickly feeling of satisfaction steals over you when you come upon one. Triumph pervades your soul and in triumphant voice you shout aloud your discovery.

And so in having Mr. Peters hitch up his trousers when any fool would know that he must have had on an overcoat and that it must be exceedingly difficult to hitch trousers, with any degree of satisfaction, through an overcoat, I am merely being considerate of you.

PAGE WILLIAMS, '19,

I SAY PENNICUICK YOU'RE NOT ANXIOUS TO BECOME A CORPSE ARE YOU?
WHY-ER-NO SIR!
ONLY A FEATHER BUT NOTICE THE COLOR.
A TOUCH OF COMEDY
HANDS UP!
OH I SAY!
WONT YOU LET ME PASS MRS. LEE?
WELL, IF YOU INSIST
NOW WHERE IN BLAZES ARE THEY?
'DON' WILBUR AND HIS GLASSES!
Tucker


The "Searchlight"
The "Fireplace" as Seen from the Rear.
A source of Interest for the Cast and those Behind the Scenes.
The Warship Guns.
The Revolver Shot.
The Clock Striking.
Tucker.

"I CONTINUE TO WONDER"

Who raves about Smart Shavian Drama ?
Who waxes sarcastic about our bad grammar ?
When she murmurs "So youthful!" we'd just like to lam 'er!
No wonder!

Who says, "Miss Shaw will never learn!"
Or, "Dreaming and dozing again, O'Hearn?"
He's really kind-hearted, although he seems stern.
I wonder!

Who hammers geometry into young fools,
And gets all riled 'cause they wont learn rules ?
And spends her time giving out knitting wools ?
I wonder!

McL. (translating "frequeus senatus"—crowded senate):—"The senate was full."

Dr. R:—"It must have been Thanksgiving."
It was probably New Year's Eve.

Cleopatra:—"I hear you were out campaigning for Gallivan."
Antony:—"Oh, yes; I was out Gallivanting every night."

Maggie:—"Have you read 'The Essays of Elia'!"
Eleanor:—"No, I always stick to the truth."

Staff:—"The chief causes of the high death rate are T. B. and infant morality."

We see that even DeQuincey used slang, for in his essay, "Dream Fugue," he says: "'Oh, baby!' I exclaimed, 'shalt thou be the ransom of Waterloo?'"

Reading "The Masses" we came across this bit of vers libre:

"I laugh, caw! caw!
As I fly in the sky
And see
What men think they look like."

Well, if the "Masses" will print that, maybe "Sag" will print this:

I laugh, huh! huh!
As I go to the movies
And see
Men falling into the clutches of
Theda Bara
Who is forty years if one day old,
And as homely as a hedge
Fence!

There was a nice teacher called C——
And he very rarely gave B,
He always would say:
"If you study some day,
Perhaps, you may get a high D."

Pupil:—(translating "rex e manibus effugit"—the king fled from their hands.) "The king fled from the band."

Dr. R.:—"I wonder if it was the high school band?"

Also:—

Translation:—"The honey smells like thyme"—Quelque honey!

Whittemore (in II Math.):—"Four quantities are in proportion by alteration"—(meaning alternation).

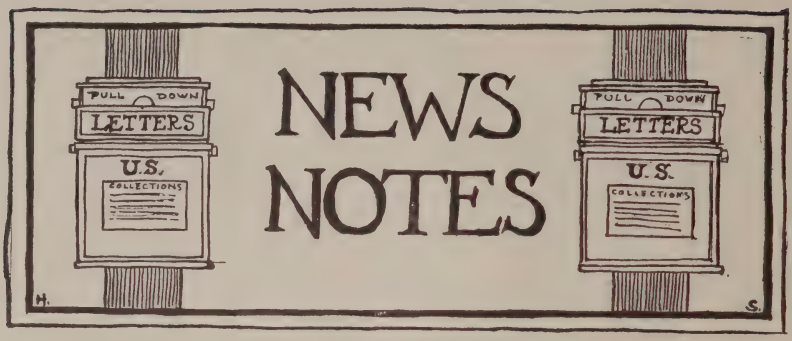
Mr. C:—"That's what you always do—*alter* your work." (Always there with the come-back.)

Miss S. (giving an oral theme):—"Is Soandso alive or dead?"

Teacher (with effluvium):—"I don't know, I'm sure."

Miss S.:—"Well, it don't make much difference."

Which is our idea of a 100° slam, e'en though unintentional.



B. H. S. CALENDAR

May 3. Annual Senior Dance.

May 10. J. Murray Kay Prize Speaking.

The whole school assembled in the hall February 21 to hear the first performance of the High School Orchestra.

The second Inter-class debate was held February 26, between the Seniors and the Juniors. The subject read: Resolved, that B. H. S. should adopt student government.

Affirmative	Negative
Doris Neal	Clara Shapiro
Louise Hersey	Gertrude Lester
Helen Gibbons	Margaret Spaulding

Miss Perkins as judge awarded the decision to the affirmative.

On February 28 Payson Rowe, '18, read the second of the series of speeches on "Democracy."

Mr. Weed of the Brookline School Board made a stirring appeal in behalf of war gardening, on March 11.

Mr. Defriez of the Boston Globe spoke to Miss Spaulding's senior English classes on the subject of the Russo-Japanese problem.

The urgent demand for books for our soldiers was brought before the school by Miss Spaulding and Archie Ridley, '18.

The awards for the Sagamore short story competition were as follows:

First prize—Eleanor Shaw, '20
Second prize—Wallace Putnam, '18
Third prize—Page Williams, '19

In accordance with the request of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the pupils of the school voted for their choice of the state flower. The result is yet uncertain. In Room 25 the cauliflower proved a popular choice.

After much wrangling and disputing the following Class Day officers have been appointed by the Senior Class:

Historian—William Kendrick
Orator—Archie Ridley
Ivy Orator—Edward Joyce
Prophet—Barnard Tucker
Prophetess—Miss Twiss

"The Man Who Stayed at Home" was pesented for the High School Dramatics at Devotion Hall, March 22 and 23. On Friday night Ilma Woods, '19, and Chandler Woods, '21, contributed to the program with selections of Hawaiian music. The dancing Saturday evening might have been compared to Park-street Subway in the vicinity of 5 P. M.

At the end of the Saturday night performance, the "fabbers" contributed their annual bit by drinking up the property grape-juice on which the cast had been resting an amorous eye, and then singing "The Hamburg Show" and the always-appropriate "Glorious."

Same kind (?) alumni who invaded the dressing rooms after the show and in a superior tone asked "the idea of a shoulder strap on an English private when they're only allowed to commissioned officers on foreign service," discovered with some haste that the atmosphere of the dance hall was far better for the health than the somewhat stuffy sanctums of the cast.

HOCKEY

BROOKLINE, 1; CAMBRIDGE LATIN, 2.

On the afternoon of March 1st, at the Arena, our hockey team suffered its first set-back in its scholastic schedule of the season, when Cambridge Latin, playing very good hockey, scored in the second over-time period. In the first period Cambridge scored by a pretty piece of team-work. "Bob" Taylor scored the tying goal in the second period, from a scrimmage in front of the net. This necessitated an over-time period, and Zarokof of Cambridge caged the winning goal after three minutes play.

BROOKLINE, 0; NEWTON, 2.

Before a big crowd of spectators our team was defeated by Newton in the deciding game of the Interscholastic League, the evening of March 8th, at the Arena.

Our boys put up a very strong game, but the team work, and condition of Newton's well coached septet proved superior in the final test. Only wonderful playing in the cage, by O'Meally, Newton's goal tend, prevented a victory. Newton's first tally came from a long shot from center ice by Scott, which carromed off Whittemore's guards into the net. The next score was made near the end of the contest on a pass out from Scott to Eaton, who shot the goal. The game was thrilling from the face-off till the final bell, and the best schoolboy hockey seen for years was shown. Without seeking any alibis,

nd without taking an atom of credit from Newton's victory, hose who have been in close touch with the hockey team all eason know that if Brookline had had a coach, there might ıave been a very different result. We had an exceptionally ;ood collection of hockey players, but they lacked the team vork, physical condition, and fine points of the game which a :oach instills into a team. A word to the wise should be suffi- :ient. Do not let the same unfortunate condition handicap next ?ear's team!

Brookline, 2; Arlington, 2.

The final game of the hockey season resulted in a tie between 3rookline and Arlington. Neither team was able to make another ;oal in two overtime periods and a 15-minute "quick death" ›eriod. The game was well played and both sides kept the goal guardians busy.

In all the hockey season was a great success, the team winning 3 games, tying 3 and losing 2.

SWIMMING

Worcester vs. Brookline

Brookline met with defeat, the score was 32—19.

Chandler Woods won the 50 yd. swim for Brookline in the astest time this year—27 1-5 seconds and Blanchard came second n the plunge.

Smith, a Brookline boy starred for Worcester.

Brookline, 37; Huntington, 16.

Our swimming team won from Huntington for the second time :his year. Brookline captured first in all events but the dives. Philip Richardson won the 150 by a good lead. Blanchard of Brookline tied with Gallagher of Huntington in the plunge, but ıpon a second trial beat this man easily. For the first time in a great while we had a large attendance at the meet. This enabled :he team to pay off all debts which had been incurred during the season.

English High School cancelled their meet with Brookline, scheduled for March 19.

'01. Walter B. Boyce, undoubtedly the greatest all-round athlete ever developed at Brookline High, arrived in Boston, February twenty-fourth, from Buenos Ayres to enlist in the U. S. Service. He has been in business at Buenos Ayres for the past fifteen years.

'11. The engagement has been announced of Miss Isabel Houghton to Ensign George P. Igleheart of Brookline. Miss Houghton graduated from B. H. S. in 1911, and from Smith in 1915. She is now teaching in the Amesbury High School. Ensign Igleheart, three years a student at the University of California, was graduated from the mechanical engineering course at M. I. T., and is now in the Naval Aviation Service, an instructor at the Curtis factories in Buffalo.

'14. The engagement was lately announced of Miss Helen M. Gohl to Louis G. Brittingham of Los Angeles, great-grandson of the late Pres. Gonzales of Mexico. Miss Gohl graduated from B. H. S. in 1914, and since has been an ardent worker in the Red Cross. Mr. Brittingham graduated from Exeter in 1913, and was a student at Wisconsin University. When the U. S. entered the war, he enlisted in the quartermaster's department. He is now stationed at Camp Kearney, California.

'05. Mr. T. C. De Friez of the Globe newspaper gave an extremely interesting talk to the members of the Senior English Divisions, on Friday, March 15th. His subject was "Russia and Japan in the present war."

The men ordered into active aviation service, at the Princeton University Ground School, from Brookline, are Emery Haseltine, '15, and George N. Potter, '15.

'16. A. Ogden Porter and Carl McMackin have become members of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity. The former at Harvard and the latter at Dartmouth.

'16. "Ed" Ryer is vice-president of the Sophomore class at M. I. T. and also chairman of the electoral committee.

'16. Tom Woods is in Harvard "on leave" from the Navy Department.

'16. "Eddie" O'Hearn is on the Institute committee at M. I. T.

'16. R. F. Shedden of Brookline, has been appointed captain of the Freshman Track Team at Yale.

'17. Reginald Morse is president of the Murray Garage, Inc., located at the corner of Commonwealth Ave. and Warren Street.

'14. In the list of casualties reported from Gen. Pershing for Saturday March 16th, was the name of Blake H. Cooley, Lieutenant, slightly wounded.

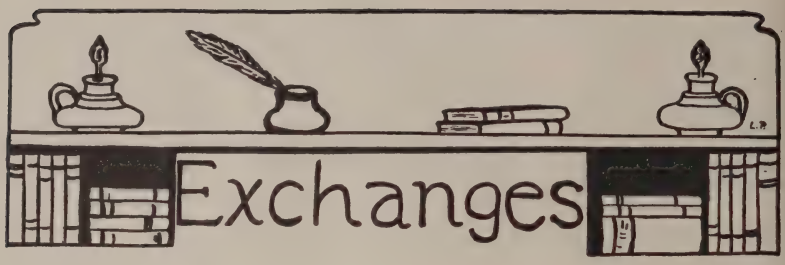
'15. Apologies to R. B. Salinger: we of course realize that anything which he *says* he is doing, he *is* doing. N'est-ce pas ?

Ex-'15 Although rejected as physically unfit when he tried to enlist, Francis Jouannet has been accepted by the physical examiners for the second draft and is now at Camp Devens.

Ex-'18. Dwight MacCormack, now at Williston in Easthampton, Mass., was recently elected president of the entire student body. He is also an editor of the WILLISTONIAN.

'17. "Stewy" Young is to be congratulated on receiving an appointment for the Ensign School just started in Boston. He won the appointment by surpassing over eighty applicants in a competitive examination.

'17. "Dick" Spitz is an assistant manager of the "Tech Show," and is now chasing ad's for the program as pepfully as he previously did for the SAGAMORE.



The following new exchanges were received last month :—

St. Helen's Hall Quarterly
Rindge Register
B. H. S. Oracle

There seems to be no reason why the exchange department should not consist of ideas, jokes, quotations, etc., gleaned from consulting the pages of our monthly visitors. Hence :—

Broyderick :—"Is that a horse pistol ?"
Cody:— "No, it's a Colt!"

"Do you know Lincoln's Gettysburg address?"
Student :—"No, I thought he lived in the White House."

The School gets the benefit,
The Students get the fame,
The Printer gets the money;
But, the Staff, they get the blame.

Little Willie:—"Turn down the lamp, mother."
Mother :—"Why?"
Willie :—"It's too young to smoke."

"A green little freshman, in a green little way,
Mixed some chemicals up for fun one day.
The green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the green little freshman's green little grave."

Teacher:—"When was the revival of learning?"
Pupil:—"The night before the exams."

D. N., '18.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF
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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.— *Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXIV MAY, 1918 No. 6

Editorial

In spite of the absence of a coach and physical director and the consequent downward trend of gymnasium work and athletics, the truly remarkable gymnastic talent of the books in the library remains as yet unchanged. Not only does their practice of disappearance exist, but it increases daily, and therefore, the faculty advises that a warning in the *Sagamore* is the first step only, towards its suppression.

We dislike our task in mentioning this subject because there is such a fine line of distinction between the over-zealous student in such a hurry to get a book that he rejects to leave a slip for it, and the malicious crook who takes advantage of a trusting librarian, that we might be accused of believing in the existence of the latter class in B. H. S. when we really have no such idea and are merely issuing a warning to the former to care more beful in the future.

It is not to be understood, however, that Miss Davis has stood placidly by and allowed her charges to trot off without any attempt at prevention. On the contrary, a little private detective work succeeded in bringing some thirty-five books out of their temporary retirement. A few of the culprits were quietly hailed to the library one Tuesday afternoon and were informed that they had been caught with the goods. Gently but firmly Miss Davis explained the obvious difficulties of the situation, and in a few well chosen words created a general feeling similar to that of twenty-two cents in the presence of a Liberty Bond. She concluded by words to the effect that, while her tendencies were better adapted to education than to incarceration, she thought she could

acclimate her attitude to almost any conditions that were forced upon her.

Further comment is unnecessary—the moral is obvious.

No one except a previous editor or manager of this paper is capable of comprehending the emotions with which we are assailed when we think of the one hundred creditor-silencers donated to the **Sagamore** by the **Dramatics Cast.** This liberality united, of course, to the fact that the **Board** featured largely, if not prominently, in the production, places this organization far above any of its kind in our estimation.

We would write it love poetry if we were that kind of a girl, but as it is, we must simply affirm our inability to express as deep a gratitude as we feel.

Of late two of our most worthy friends, Messrs. Threshie and Putnam, what with their various symbolic embellishments class pins, fraternity pins, gold footballs, et cetera, are fast taking the semblance of walking pawnshops. All either one of them needs now is a ring in his nose to get a job with Barnum and Bailey as King of the Cannibal Isles or the Wild Man of Borneo.

After noting the condition of the Harvard Cup, which has reclined, untouched and untroubled, on the book lockers of Room 28 for eight months, we should beg to suggest that, hereafter, Mr. Floyd present with the cup a can of silver polish, a rag, and possibly a descendant of the Old Family Toothbrush.

On the same theory that our speaker on "War Gardens" was a Mr. Weed, the **Sagamore** suggests that the School Committee engage some member of the Hohenzollern family to present our next lecture on **Democracy.**

—L., '18.

Adam's Fifteenth Rib

I may not be any Oliver Morosco or George M. Cohan, but, believe me, the patrons of the **Olympia Theatre** right here in Oklahoma City get more real enjoyment for their money than a lot of the bay-windowed plutocrats that follow up these musical comedy palaces with lots of sign boards and reputation but not much audiences and scenery, personal and otherwise. I've been stage-directing the **Olympia Stock Company** for close on to eleven years now, and it's my pride and joy that I never see a show put on here that I'd be ashamed to take four bits from Woodrow Wilson for. And that's why I began to get worried when I saw **The Morning Star** fall flat the first two nights.

A young chap called Jack Nichols was playing the lead, and that's where all the trouble came in. In the three years I'd had Jack I had never seen the part he couldn't play; so I'd slated him for something a little bigger than the **Olympia** some day. He was a nice-looking, quiet, kind faced, unobtrusive sort of boy that you couldn't help liking the first time you laid eyes on him. He didn't look as if he'd hurt a flea, and he was always all bubbling over with quiet sympathy for anyone in trouble. His speech and shoes were always polished and—but that isn't the point. The point is that **The Morning Star** was failing the worst I ever saw, and all because Jack made love to the leading lady as if he had a bee in his ear and a secret sorrow in his heart.

It was 'way beyond me; but I couldn't let it go at that, and besides I hated to see such a fine, talented young fellow dropping out that way. I'm kind of a wise old duck. I've seen a lot of 'em come and go, and so I says to myself, says I, "That boy's trouble is a girl and I'll bet my last nickel on it." So I called up Walter, the head property man, and talked it over with him. Walter's a steady sort of chap and he'd been chuming around pretty regular with Nichols, so I thought maybe he could shed a little light on the difficulty.

Walter was on. "Mr. Dodge," says he, "he's engaged, and her name is Terry,—Violet Terry. From what I gather, she's been seeing a bit too much of another chap lately, while she doesn't pay much attention to Jack. You can't blame him for not being able to play when he's got that on his mind, poor chap. I'm right sorry for him."

"Walter," says I, after a bit of the good old careful deliberation, " you and me are going down and talk to that girl, **now**—see," He saw and we went.

Oh, boy, she was a stunner! You know, the kind that you turn around twice to look at when she's with another fellow, and wonder if she's got a sister. To say she was sublime insulted her.

Walter gasped, she said "Good morning" in a voice like melted butter, and I groaned. I don't need to be hit on the head to realize that when a boy has fallen for anything like that there's only two things that will cure him: a marriage license or a rope.

We came right to the point and poured out the whole sad tale of woe. I stumbled along, not daring to look at her, and told her in the best language I could summon after eleven years of dramatic acquaintances from Shakespere to Jerome Kern, what a wonderful, handsome, sympathetic, loving husband Jack would make. The tears were in my eyes as I almost induced myself to believe what I was telling her. I begged, I implored, I even went down on my knees to her, Walter, the while, imitating my every move and gesture. Finally we dragged a promise from her to the effect that she would be her sweetest to our Jack during the run of **The Morning Star.** After that—let nature take its course.

Walter and I together produced a speech of thanks, gratitude and that sort of thing, and executed a hasty exit before she had time to change her mind. On the way down the street, our troubles dispersed, we blew ourselves to a banana split (we both come from Maine) and hurried to advise Jack that a call on Violet that afternoon might cheer him up a bit.

He doubted it, but went.

Neither Walter nor I saw him from that time until he was made up for the evening performance. We looked in vain for the sign of any rising of his mental barometer. No hope, the same old hang-dog look, not varied one atom. I looked at Walter, Walter looked at me, we both looked at Jack—and the curtain rose on the first act.

The less said about the performance that night, the better. It was a nightmare, the equal of which no strong stuff I ever tasted could produce. Jack made love to the leading lady like a consumptive cow in the last stages. It was frightful. Apparently Violet had forgotten all her pledges of devotion and had given Jack the gate, regardless of consequences.

After the show I waited for Jack to dress, took him around the corner to the **Quality Lunch** to get measured for some ham and eggs, and then started to talk.

"Jack, my boy," says I, "I'm sorry for you. I know how it is to be in your place. But boy, you can't let it interfere with your work. If you do, no matter what business you're in, you haven't got the chance of the calico dog chasing the asbestos cat through the hot place. I hate to say this, Jack, but if your performance isn't satisfactory tomorrow night, we'll have to chuck **The Morning Star**—and, well, you'll have to go."

Jack got up and shook my hand.

"I realize the position you are in, Mr. Dodge, I respect it, and you may trust me to do my best. I don't know how to thank you for all your kindness to me but—I'm afraid you don't quite understand my position," and with that he got up and left.

When I came in the stage door the next night Walter stood before me, white as a sheet and holding a newspaper in his hand. Without a word he handed it to me and pointed out a paragraph. I read:

"The marriage is announced of Miss Violet Terry to Mr. Arthur Richards, both of this city. The ceremony was closed to all except the families of the young couple."

The door opened slowly, and Jack dragged in. As Walter and I stood gasping at the paper, Jack appeared to have retained only the last animal instinct, curiosity, and so asked us to let him see it.

For some reason which I've never been able to figure, I handed him the sheet with its blue-penciled paragraph. Then I turned away. I couldn't bear to see the poor boy suffer, but I heard him make a break for his dressing room and slam the door shut.

It was a holiday night, and ten minutes before show time we had to hang out the "S. R. O." sign. Worse luck! Wouldn't the **Olympia** get a great rep in the town after all this crowd had seen a show like what was coming tonight. My stomach turned over every time I thought of it, and I cursed that woman—oh, may the good Lord forgive me for the things I said about Violet Terry.

It wasn't exactly my idea to witness any monologue sob-scenes in the dressing rooms, featuring Jack, so I went out front to view the slaughter.

Jack's poor performance had taken its effect on the rest of the cast, and that first act began like a Sunday school concert. The men yawned, the women played with their fans, and the kids went to sleep. Then Jack made his first entrance.

I hadn't the nerve to look. I just kept posted on what was going on by the expression of the woman standing next to me. At first she watched the stage as she would have looked at the dear deceased at the funeral of a fourth cousin, twice removed —not that there was anything of interest there but just because, under the circumstances it was the thing to do. But as Jack came on her face brightened up; and as he was progressing in the direction of the leading lady, my female weather vane stood enraptured. She dropped her hat, picked it up, put her finger in her mouth, bit it, winced, and took it out, but nothing could get her eyes off the stage. When Jack reached the speech at which, during the last week, the first contingent of the still loyal

proletariat had decided that too much was enough, the lady at my side contributed the last straw by gasping "Oh, isn't he wo-o-onderful!"

I looked up. There was Jack letting love and emotion simmer through his vocal organs like water through a seive. The words just tumbled over each other in their hurry to get out, and I'd have bet my last shirt that at that moment Jack could have had any woman in the audience for the asking. Never in all my years at the **Olympia** did I see such a performance and such an audience. The curtain came down on the first act amid a roar of applause which it took nine curtain calls to quiet, while I tore out back to see what had happened.

As I opened the stage door the first and only thing I saw was Jack, back to, and completely surrounded by a pair of Arms. The Arms, embellished with some kind of flimsy stuff, seemed to suffer from convulsions about every ten seconds, and queer little whispers sneaked into my ears, try as I did to prevent them.

I coughed and the Arms unwound, disclosing none other than Ethel, the leading lady. Jack grabbed me by the arm.

"Mr. Dodge, I know we have you to thank for this. Vio—that is, Miss Terr—er, well Mrs. Something or other told me that you had talked with her, but she wouldn't say what about. Lord, the agony I've suffered being engaged to that girl six months, not giving a tinker's hurrah for her, thinking she was wild about me, and having too much of a conscience—curse it! —to tell the truth. But now, you've guessed my trouble, got me out of it and everybody's happy. Oh, boy!" Here he stopped half a minute to receive a little refreshment and inspiration and then, "Ethel and I are going to be married after the show tonight and you're going to be best man. What do you say?"

I didn't say anything. All I did was curse Adam for changing the identity of that extra rib.

—L., '18.

The Defence of the Negative

In consequence of the attitude which the negative is alleged to have assumed in the recent debate, and more particularly in consequence of the decision which was rendered by the judges, the members of the negative team have come into a prominence more or less also akin to notoriety. We have been cursed at by the boys, objected to by the girls and made the butt of more dignified but no less biting manifestations of opinion on the part of the faculty.

First, it is claimed that the negative possessed no arguments. We and two-thirds of the judges deny this most emphatically. We claim that our two main speeches contained three major points which the affirmative either failed to refute at all, or avoided by attacking minor issues: first, that student government's most enthusiastic exponent, Mr. Cronson, admitted that it had thus far been a failure; second, that it was Mr. Akers' opinion that students capable of judging their equals did not exist in B. H. S.; and third, that, if they did, inefficient elections would fail to appoint them. Also, in the rebuttal, the negative claims to have met the two chief affirmative arguments, that "the system had succeeded in hundreds of schools," and that "it was a step towards democracy." So much for our alleged lack of basis.

We are also criticised for presenting a debate which bordered closely on a vaudeville performance, and for concealing the logicality of our arguments under a superabundance of satire and wit. In reply, let us state that we realize that a debate, as usually conducted, is something of a pill for an audience and it was, therefore, our intention to give the pill as sweet (we are still speaking metaphorically) a coating as possible. On impartial consideration we must admit that the coating was too thick and a bit too sticky, and in all seriousness we apologize for that. In admitting this lack of a sense of proportion, however, we are simultaneously adding another element of proof

to the stand of the negative, that such a deficiency, common among students, would cause disaster to a system of student government. We thank you.

W. BARTON LEACH, JR., '18.
U. ARCHIE RIDLEY, JR., '18.

An Unexpected Test

(Inspired by an English recitation)

I entered, joyful student I,
  Who deemed my lesson well prepared,
When sudden—what did I espy?
  With horror filled, I stood and stared;
For on each desk, plain to my sight,
A sheet of paper, large and white.

Eraser, blotter, ink and pen,
  And all things I perchance might need,
I set them all in order—Then
  I turned with fear the test to read;
And straightway from my brain did go
All things that I did ever know.

With swirling brain I tried to think,
  With faltering hands I sought write;
My scattered thoughts I tried to link,
  Seeking to prove that black was white.
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought,
What woe that test to me had brought.

For oft, when to my work I hie,
  In care-free mood and joyfully,
Flashes upon my inward eye
  That test's dread mark—the fatal E.
And then while sorrow fills my mind,
I turn to study like a grind.

EDNAH SHEPARD.

The Adventure of the Deadly Gladness

(Apologies to A. K. Green, also Stephen Leacock)

Thermalque Zatso (isn't it funny how all them great detectives have queer names), the great aid to theives,—that is, a detective,—sat in his boudoir—done in mauve tulle, ladies—reflectively powdering his nose.

"Ah, life is so dull, Watson!" he murmured, daintily nibbling a piece of cocaine, "Would that some thrilling case would come up!"

The bell rang! (They always do at this point.)

Thermos—I beg pardon, Thermalque—started, adjusted his La Patricias, and spake—"Show him up, Watson." I forgot, Watson is his Japanese valet.

But before friend Watson could answer the door, it burst open, and a beautiful young girl entered. She tottered over to a chair, staggered into it, and in a wobbly voice, warbled—"Alas—alas! M'Gawd!"

"The smelling salts, Watson," snapped out Thermalque. He took them, sniffed thrice, and felt better. "Well—," addressing the girl.

"Quick—quick a terrible murder— —" then she swooned into Zatso's arms.

She was quickly revived; you see, the faint was just for effect. Well, to make a long story short, Zatso accompanied the girl to her house. It was surrounded by a cordon of police, and with difficulty the girl and the detective shouldered their way into the building.

The maiden, whose name, by the way, was Ermyne Lerulelue, led Zatso up to a bedroom. "My father—I found him like this!" she sobbed.

Zatso gathered himself together and strode into the room. He glanced around—he turned pale—he was horror-stricken, for a terrible sight met his eyes. There, in bed,—in **bed,** mind you —was the body of the dear departed. But the awful part of it

was that it was not still, as is usual in death, but, oh misery, the chest rose and fell in a regular manner, and from the open mouth — this is grewsome, dear reader — came strange sounds, like this: —

"Z-z-z-snort! Z-z-z—snort!—Honk—Honk—"

And the horrible condition of the body! For there, piled on a chair beside the deceased were the remains of a vest, a shirt, a pair of trousers, a —— I cannot proceed—it is too over-powering!

"We must search for clues," muttered Zatso, and examined, in order, the parlor, the dining room, the kitchen, the girl's bedroom; but, alas, he found nothing.

"Ah, this is a strange case! Well, as a last resort, I must examine the father's room." Hereupon, he went over the closet, each piece of furniture, the floor, the ceiling, and finally came to the body itself. Excelsior! Hallellujah! A la bonne heure! Gesundheit! There, upon the bed, was the instrument which caused this unfortunate happening: A book, a simple, little, apparently harmless book—but wait, let us look on the piece of literature with Zatso, for it may prove to be a clue—Yes! No wonder! ! !

"Pollyanna, the Glad Book."

The book was open at the place where sweet little Pollyanna reformed the thief, the drunkard, and the miser by the glad game. The dear, sweet, noble little soul.

Zatso turned to Ermyne. His chest swelled with pride. "I have solved the mystery," he said quietly, "Your father died of diabetes. You see, he read this book, and his blood turned to sugar."

At this point, the figure on the bed stirred, yawned, and sat up. "That 'book' put me to sleep," grumbled Papa, then, catching sight of the astounded Zatso, "What are you doing here?" The after-effects had made Pop grouchy. "Get out!"

Needless to say, Zatso took his leave and seeing as there is no more story, I think we will close with this touching picture.

C. S., '19.

Tip and Tipperary

Around the fire the two friends sat,
As happy as could be,
One was Tip, a faithful dog,
And the other was Pat Magee.

It was in the time of the world-wide war,
The greatest in history,
That Pat was taken away from his friend
A soldier for to be.

With suit brand-new and musket bright,
Away to the war went Pat;
And little Tip wondered exceedingly,
That he was dressed like that.

Tip waited long and watched in vain,
No master seemed to come;
Perchance some big gun struck him down,
Mayhap an awful gun—

He pricked his ears, he wagged his tail,
At every little sound,
And still no master would appear,
No Patrick could be found.

So one fine day Tip went himself
To see where he might be,
And there was Pat on the field of war,
A bloody sight to see.

So on Tip dragged him heedlessly,
On o'er that mass of gore,
Until at last he neared the trench,
And then he dragged no more.

The fearless firing from both sides,
The German and the French,
Gave Tip and Pat no chance at all
To even reach the trench.

And so they both had died the death
Amid that awful din.
What matter—those two lives of theirs?
For friends will meet again.

KATHLEEN W. WALSH, '19.

To the Editor of the *Sagamore:*

May we be permitted to express through the *Sagamore* our gratitude for the splendid co-operation of the managers and their assistants for "The Man Who Stayed at Home"? The very gratifying financial profits are the results of the unceasing labors of Tom Taylor, '19, whose assistant was Milton Casson, '20.

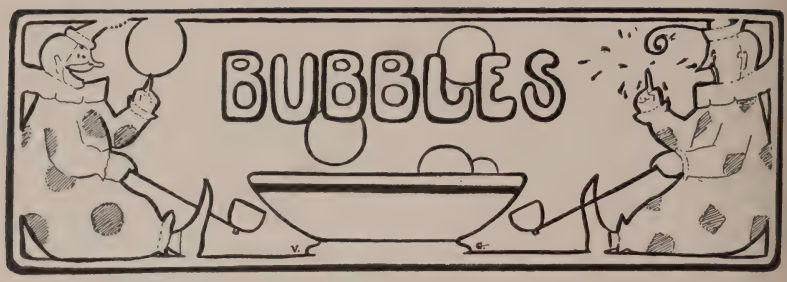
The efficient stage managing was due to Philip Threshie, '18, John Goodnow, '19, Robert McMillan, '19, and Wallace Lord, '20. The responsible roles of electrician were ably filled by Kenneth Blanchard, '19, and Lester Stevens, '19; while the costuming owes its success to Priscilla Hall, '19, Homer Faulkner, '19, and Charles Buck, '20. The loyal efforts of all these pupils are deeply appreciated.

Dorothy Waldo
Beatrice P. Maccabe

To the Editor of the *Sagamore:*

The members of the rowing squad wish to acknowledge with the profoundest of thanks the oars given by the fraternities of the High School. They were desperately needed and we will use them to advantage by doing our utmost to win the interscholastic championship. The four B. H. S. fraternities have indeed given the crew an appreciable boost, for without these new oars we would have been forced to row with broken blades. Again, in a heartfelt manner—Fraternities—we thank you.

U. Archie Ridley,
Capt. of Crew.



REQUIEM.

At last my toil is finished,
The last bum colyum written,—
My stock of jokes depleted
The last fool poem completed,
My mental pow'r is so diminished,
That my brain = that of a newly-born kitten.

Someone told me that the meter of my poems was all wrong —and I replied that I'd have it corrected by consulting Weather Forecaster Smith—you see, he is a meteorologist.*

Hilda:—"The only things in life worth while, are money and food."

Edith:—(As if she meant it)—"Not at all, those things are material, the things which do count are—"

Hilda:—"Immaterial, deah."

First Grecian Danseuse:—"Those shoes of yours, dearie, are worn out. Why don't you have 'em soled?"
Second Ditto:—"Because I couldn't get anything on them, love."

Charlie O'H. asked me that if Helen Moller is a dancer, is a door a Duncan.

*The trick in this joke is to hold the paper at a distance of one and one-eighteenth inches from the eye. Thus, by the principle of homologous triangles the O in the meteorologist will disappear, et voila.

At a Camp Devens show, the property moon became agitated, and began to swing back and forth. Said a private :—"The moon is very full, to-night."

Judge:—"And how fast were you going when this officer arrested you?"

Edgar:—"Oh, about fifteen per."

Judge:—"Hm, Per-haps."

We couldn't close sans this—

Mr. C.:—"Is the square root of 25 a surd?"

Whittemore:—"Yes, sir."

Mr. C.:—"Absurd!"

Advice To Freshmen

'Tis well to learn what teachers want,
And learn with greatest care,
For oftentimes it means a lot,
As just how you will fare.

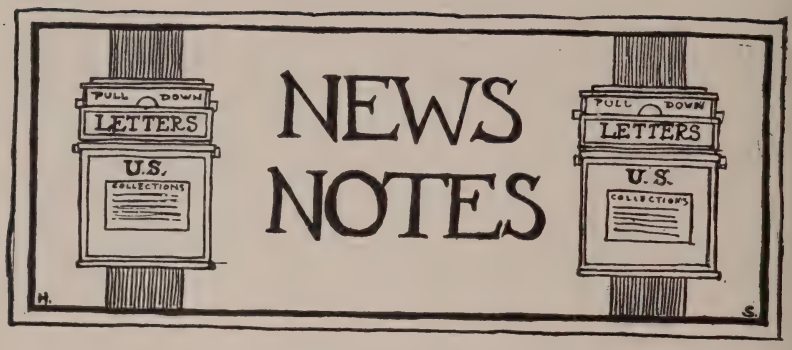
Some teachers are most firm and strict,
'Bout every small detail,
So just learn these, don't mind the rest,
And you will never fail.

Yet others like to generalize;
So all you have to do
Is read the headings on the page,
And these will pull you through.

Still other teachers have to talk,
And ramble on and on,
So listen with a raptured look,
And not an air of scorn.

So learn what every teacher wants,
And use your little knowledge,
For heaven's sake, don't mix them up,
Or you'll ne'er get to college!

F. S., '18



B. H. S. Calendar

May 14. Juniors vs. Sophomores
May 17. Prize Speaking
May 17. Freshmen vs. P. A.
May 24. Seniors vs. P. A.
May 27. Sophomores vs. Freshmen
May 29. Juniors vs. P. A.
June 7. Class Day
June 7. Senior vs. Juniors (A. M.)

The members of II German A presented "Die Hochzeitsreise" in Shailer Hall for the benefit of the garden fund. Those taking part were Frank Plaisted, '19; Luceea Jenness, '19; Miriam Doan, '18; Dorothy Ure, '18; and Franziska Schacht, '18. After the play there was dancing with music furnished by Barney Tucker.

Francis Xiques, '18, has enlisted in the Canadian Cavalry and has just left school to commence training.

Walter Klein, '18, has been accepted for the aviation corps and is now waiting to be called.

On May 3, the annual Senior Dance was held. Laying aside precedent, the dance was informal, and the lower classmen in addition to the alumni were allowed to attend. A good orchestra and good refreshments with a large attendance made the affair, the last dance of the season, a great success.

On the morning of April 25, the annual debate between the Girls' and Boys' Debating Clubs was held in Shailer Hall. The subject read: "Resolved, that Student Government should be

adopted in the Brookline High School." The representatives of the B. H. S. Debating Club, U. Archie Ridley, '18, and W. Barton Leach, '18, upheld the negative; the Girls' Debating Club, represented by Miriam Doan, '18, and Harriet Bridgeman, '18, took the affirmative. Two extremes of debating were presented—the girls furnished a logical and well-composed debate, but paid no attention to holding the attention of the audience. The boys on the other hand presented a debate which was considered lacking in straight forward argument by lady members of the faculty and also of the student body, in spite of the indignant claims of logicality by the debaters. They rested their hopes on an oratorical ability to sway the audience and hold its interest, which purpose it must be admitted that they accomplished. Miss Doan and Leach took the rebuttals for their respective sides, and the judges awarded the decision to the negative.

SENIORS vs. SOPHONORES

In the first game of the Interclass Series, the Sophs trimmed the Seniors to the tune of 4 to 0. The game was loosely played all around. Rose pitched well for the Sophs, as did Hill for the Seniors, the latter making the only clean hit of the day for his team.

JUNIORS vs. DANIELS

The second Interclass game was scheduled between the Juniors and Freshmen, but with the possible exception of Dooley, "Bud" Daniels was the only ball player in sight to represent '21 . Pitching the entire nine innings with an infield and outfield support that was conspicuous by its absence, he struck out 19 men; that is, an average of better than two per inning. He also contributed largely to the scoring. O'Hearn and MacMahon played well for the Juniors, and Joe Donovan contributed the longest hit of the day by a clean triple in the eighth. The final score was 14 to 6 in favor of the Juniors.

ALVMNI COLVMN

'12. The engagement has recently been announced of Florine Williamson to Sergt. Kenneth Roy, who is now in service in England.

DORIS HALMAN,'12

'12. Doris Halman has been awarded the second prize in a Patriotic Play Contest, instituted by the Drama League of America.

'12. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Kingsbury (Lillian Williamson) are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son, on March 31st.

'15. A wedding of interest on Tuesday afternoon April 2, was that of Beatrice Allen and Lt. David Longfellow Patten, U. S. A., son of Dr. Charles C. Patten, of Machias, Maine. Miss Rosamond Allen, (ex.-'18) was one of the bridesmaids, and Miss Eleanor Allen, '12, was maid of honor. Lt. Patten is now stationed at Fort Monroe; he is a graduate of M. I. T., and was commissioned in the regular army from examination.

'15. Don Stanley, who has been a second class seaman in the Merchant Marine for the past six months, has now returned and expects to join the aviation.

'16. Ed O'Hearn is acting as captain and coach of the Tech freshman baseball team.

KENNETH AKERS,'16

'16. Edward Booth and Kenneth Akers were both among the cast of the Tech. Show.

'17. Helen Sherman has been elected custodian of the Athletic Association at Wellesley College.

Ex.-'17. Mr. and Mrs. George Frederick Steele, of Brookline announce the wedding of their daughter Barbara, to Lt. Walter Burroughs Strong, C. A. C., on March 30th.

'15. Margaret Daniels has been given the leading part in the Simmons College play, which was presented about May 1st.

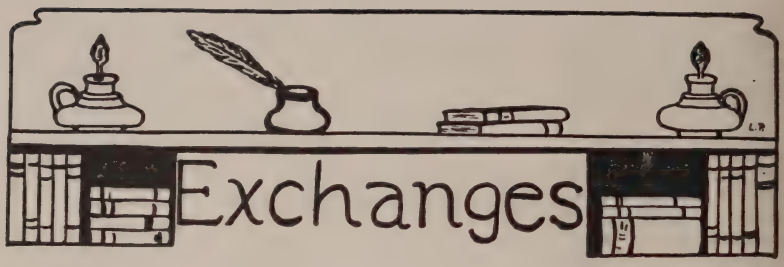
'17. Elsie McWilliams, with one other young lady, is now in charge of the Filing Department of the Goodyear Co. in Boston.

Ex.-'18. Donald Robbins took part in the chorus of the Tech Show.

The Gold Finch

Filling the air with your sprightly song,
Flashing your golden way along,
Making the summer's day rejoice
And throb in time with your glorious voice,
Oh, why must you come to sordid earth,
You, to whom beauty herself gave birth?

RUTH CHAMBERLAIN.



The Meeting will please come to order. The Secretary will please call the roll.

Secretary rises: —

Criterion	Review	The Ramble
Trade Winds	Powder Horn	The Triangle
Lasell Leaves	Pioneer	B. H. S. Tech
Coburn Clarion	Choate News	St. Helen's Hall Quarterly
The Eltrurian	Huntington Record	El Conejo
The Polytechnic	The Dynamo	Dean Megaphone
Nobleman	The Hermonite	Nostri Labores

Will the Secretary please read the minutes of the last meeting.

REPORT.

The exchanges of the *Sagamore* had their meeting in the form of a sewing circle. The merits and demerits of the other papers were discussed. It was moved and carried that the *Nobleman* because of its all round excellence should receive first honors. The *Eltrurian* came a close second and *Dean Megaphone* ranked third. The *Trade Winds* read some very inspiring Editorials, and The *Coburn Clarion* amused us with some very clever stories.

After the business, the different members of the club exchanged jokes. Some were good and some were not so good, but as one of them said, "If you cannot enjoy the jokes of the age, at least enjoy the age of the jokes."

The meeting was adjourned.

As there are no corrections, the remaining business will be discussed.

D. N. '18.

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With this number my opportunity to urge the school to "Patronize Our Advertisers" passes. A great part of the school spend their summer away, but the majority will be in Brookline. To these I am addressing this last plea. Next year's paper depends on you. If you will but "Patronize Our Advertisers" this summer as we hope you have the past winter, we will have a successful season next year.

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The Sagamore

There being ten Sagamores and many Indians at Muddy River.—*Winthrop's Journal.*

VOL. XXIV JUNE, 1918 No. 7

Editorial

During the past year it has been the purpose of this column to present to its readers a statement of existing conditions in the High School with a suggestion for their improvement, and it has been our inclination to present the statements in such a way that they would make as interesting and amusing reading as was compatible with editorial dignity. Moreover, all suggestions for reform have heretofore been limited to the student body as it appears that it would be forward in a student to attempt advising his instructors as to methods of instruction. At this point, however, both of these practices end. No attempt will be made in the following article to make it delectable, and, as the editor will have become an alumnus at the time of publication of this issue, he will presume to suggest to the faculty and to the School Board changes which a more or less close connection with school affairs leads him to believe would be desirable.

As it is for the ultimate benefit of the students that these suggestions are made, it is advisable that every student, especially the members of the **Class of 1919,** at least glance these over in order that they may know some of the ends toward which improvement will possibly strive.

In our opinion the perfect education develops the mind in two directions. It teaches, first, how to receive instruction efficiently, and, second, how to give instruction effectively; in a

word, how to obey and how to command. The school takes care of the first quite admirably, but is largely deficient in the second, as is shown by the difficulty experienced by each of the Senior marshals in learning to handle a company of thirty-two boys.

There seem to be two obvious remedies for this defect, of which the first is immediate and concrete, while the second must be more gradual. The first consists of assigning every Senior boy to a gymnasium class as sub-instructor, a step which would accomplish the double purpose of accustoming the Senior to the use of authority and of materially aiding the faculty instructor in his duties. The second suggestion is the gradual transmission of actual authority to the Honorary Society, so that eventually a system of student government will be evolved with this group as the governing nucleus. This transition must come slowly to be sure, but the faculty must allow it to come surely and steadily, always keeping in mind the ultimate object of developing among the students a sense of responsibility and an ability to use executive power to the best advantage.

If the foregoing were developed as mentioned, it would, as we believe, result in the greatest benefit to the school of any change to be suggested, but there are one or two other less fundamental, but, nevertheless, extremely important, points in which school activities could be improved.

The first of these, on account of our comparative unfamiliarity with the Athletic Association, is not a definite plan but merely a statement that improvement is possible. In a word it is a reminder that at present the awards of letters by the B. H. S. A. A. to the various teams change with the appearance of practically every new team, and surely with the entrance into office of each new executive committee. It seems that a great deal of uncertainty and unnecessary hard feeling would be avoided if the awarding of letters were put on a stated systematic basis, so that whether this or that team

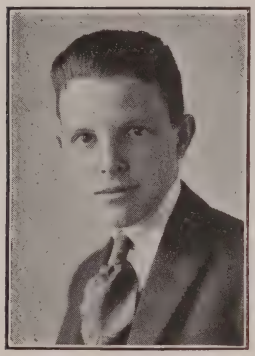
should be awarded a straight "B" or a "B. H. T.," or whether this or that player should be awarded a letter at all or not would be decided by a definite and permanent ruling of the constitution, not by the hurried and usually incomplete vote of the Athletic Council on each special occasion.

The second of these minor suggestions comes as the result of unfortunate personal experience. Through an acquaintance with Seniors who have held the most important positions in the school we find that in only one case were definite instructions for the use of these positions given by any member of the faculty. On account of this condition, Seniors who, though well meaning, were entirely unversed in the correct exercise of their duties were led into blunders which might easily have been avoided by a little previous advice and instruction. We should suggest, therefore, that a member of the faculty be designated to instruct each incoming officer as to the responsibilities involved in his position.

In any discussion of this kind there always, of course, arises the question of a coach and physical director. As to this, we can only restate and emphasize the opinion of practically every teacher and pupil in the High School, that until the School Board materially loosens the purse strings in this direction there will never be anything but dissatisfaction.

Last, but far from least, let us emphasize the need of the quality which inspires every appreciable move made in the direction of improvement: school spirit. Without this spirit school life would be impossible; with the moderate amount which now exists, school life still leaves much to be desired; but with the introduction of the greater spirit which we hope is now approaching, life here will become a satisfying reality to the members of the Brookline High School and a most pleasing memory to her alumni. —L. '18.

CLASS OFFICERS, 1918



W. BARTON LEACH, Jr.
President

HARRIET GULICK
Vice-President

DORIS NEAL
Secretary

PHILIP H. THRESHIE
Treasurer

ADDRESS OF WELCOME

W. Barton Leach, Jr.

Friends:—

By dint of much effort on the part of members of the class, you have each been provided with a piece of pasteboard which allows you to be initiated into the mysteries of the Class of 1918, her past, her present, and her probable future. Now you have arrived, safe and sound, and you are, I hope, comfortably seated. In behalf of my class I congratulate you on your safety and on your comfort, and I extend to you our most cordial greeting.

In the exercises to follow you will hear the Class Oration and the Class Poem, setting forth the principles and ideals for which America stands and which we on a smaller scale reflect. The History of the Class will be related, showing that although the world did not tremble at the entrance of the Class of 1918 and does not anticipate trembling at its exit, this is to be attributed rather to the world's ignorance of the proper thing to do than to any fault or deficiency on our part. The prophets will then unfold the future of our various members as indicated by their present tendencies; and finally we will sing our Class Song, pledging our allegiance and loyalty to the school to which we are so deeply indebted.

Before the program continues there is one acknowledgment which I would feel guilty if I omitted, an acknowledgment which it would be the inclination of every member of the class to make separately and personally if it were possible. It consists of a word of thanks to the faculty of this school for their efficient, interested, sympathetic instruction, without which we realize that we would have been helpless in our attempts to complete the most essential four years of our education; and, inadequate

though the occasion be, we feel that we must make at least this feeble attempt to express as deep a gratitude as we feel.

Friends, this is our last public appearance as the Class of 1918. With us it is a case of "now or never," and we have therefore chosen this time to accomplish a threefold purpose: First, to give a fitting send-off to the class for which we feel ourselves to be justly proud; second, to leave a pleasant memory in the minds of those who will soon be our ex-teachers; and third, to provide to you, who have perhaps been out of touch with the High School, an intimate review of what we have done and a first-hand exhibition of what we are capable of doing.

With these purposes in view, the Class of 1918 welcomes you.

EDWARD JOYCE

Classmates:—In a short time this slip of ivy which we plant today will have spread its clinging tendrils to soften and protect the hard outlines of our school. As the years pass on the ivy will increase in strength and beauty until in its prime it will become a kindly protection and an adornment to the walls of Brookline High.

Let us, the class of 1918, liken ourselves to the life the ivy is to lead. We start out young; we must fight a winning battle to keep from falling away in the early storms of our life; we may send our tendrils, perhaps over both hemispheres. As the ivy protects the school, so shall we be called on to protect the life of our nation in its endeavor to uphold our own traditions and the liberty of the world. When our life and the life of the ivy are so similar, this planting should not be considered a passing formality of the Class Day exercises, but rather the symbol of an ideal on which we can model our lives.

We plant this ivy then, classmates, to leave behind us a memory of the past and an inspiration for the future to remain with Brookline High when we leave you to follow the course of our destiny.

THE CLASS OF 1918

CLASS ORATION

U. Archie Ridley, Jr.

Classmates: The world of the classrooms, which from our point of view seems to fill the entire universe, is pitifully small. Scholastic lines of thought are narrow and restricted. Scholastic discipline, as compared with the discipline of every-day life, is altogether too merciful and considerate in its teaching of lessons which are absolutely necessary in the building up of sound character; lessons which, when properly learned, result in good citizenship. Thus, when a broader scope of life is entered upon, school activities fade rapidly into the realms of insignificance. This has been accepted as a true statement of facts and has been regarded, even during times of peace, as so obvious a truth as not to need proof. Therefore this idea becomes a hundred times more applicable now, now when the entire globe is convulsed with the gripping pains of war; at a time when every bugle in the land is sounding its brazen notes calling people from their ordinary peaceful occupations; urging, commanding, compelling them to place themselves and their possessions at the disposal of the government. In comparison the affairs of the school assume a microscopic littleness; they are mere specks in the swirling dust-cloud of world progress.

Every member of this graduating class is, of course, imbued with a dauntless spirit of patriotism, is surcharged with a mighty impulse which urges him or her to travel across the waters and come face to face with the foe, to dash frenziedly into the thick

of the fray, or to nurse back to health the thousands of wounded men who have so gladly shed their blood in defence of that noble principle which men call Democracy. That is the course we would all like to follow, for we have red blood coursing through our veins which fairly shouts aloud, filling us with a desire to do our bit in active service, to become a part of the great war-machine operating on the battle-front. Were this all that we had to do, classmates, we should not need to worry. The duty which confronts us, however, is infinitely harder to perform; is decidedly more prosaic in its character, for our country demands that, for the present, we remain on this side of the Atlantic in order to complete as nearly as possible our education that we may be more useful when our time for actual participation arrives. For every man in the trenches there must be ten men back home working to supply his wants. Therefore, classmates, it is our task to stay at home and work for those who are already fighting our battles. These conditions require that we of the class of 1918 take upon ourselves, a sense of responsibility, a degree of loyalty, a habit of serious thought such as young men and young women are not ordinarily called upon to assume.

When this colossal war is over, there will be empires to rebuild, nations to reconstruct, new laws and government processes to be established. Who is to do all this? Certainly not uneducated, untrained men! No! But men and women who can work with their brains as well as with their hands, who can revive the broken fortunes of this and other countries. Even under the most fortunate conditions there will be a deplorable lack of intelligent energy to carry out the great work of re-creation which will follow directly on the heels of the war. But even if the necessity for providing for this contingency did not exist, nevertheless, America will have dire need of highly educated men and women in the forwarding of the democratic cause. The task of marshalling this country's resources can not be accomplished by untrained minds. Neither do unthinking automatons

make good officers. Keen mentalities are necessary to meet the numberless difficult problems, the dangerous crises which will come up in connection with the carrying-on of the war.

America is the country upon which the Allies are depending, to which they look for the deliverance of the world from feudalism. To vindicate this faith America must educate her young men and women. She must teach them the value of a certain fundamental principle in which is contained the secret of national success and by which an Allied victory will be assured. Our school work has taught us how to obey this motto. We have learned its value in athletics, in school movements, in all activities that involve more than one person. We recognize its power; therefore, we must all strive to do what it tells us, and that is, "Pull Together." It is the principle upon which the United States of America was founded, and history has proved to us again and again that it is the one and only means of existing. "Pulling Together," means the laying aside of personal interests and ambitions in order to further those of the nation. This is neither an easy nor a pleasant course of procedure, but it must be followed and it devolves upon us of the younger generation to develop a sufficient amount of public-spiritedness to make ourselves strong links in the national chain.

Education is the keynote of both personal and national success. In these chaotic times it is not merely the keynote, but it is the only note that is in tune with a song of victory; and, "Pulling Together" is the main theme in this grand symphony. Therefore it behooves us to follow its variations accurately and faithfully. A combination of individual initiative and the ability to fit smoothly into any complicated system is the goal toward which we must strive.

Classmates, there are immensely important issues at stake: the advance or the retreat of civilization, the victory or the defeat of Democracy, of all those principles so dear to American hearts. Our country calls as never before, warning us to wake up, begging, imploring us to shoulder the obligations which loom

up before us. Our actions will determine the extent of our loyalty. Therefore, since we believe in Democracy, let us banish feudalism from the face of the earth; since we are patriotic Americans let us heed the clarion call of duty, let us give without limitation of ourselves and of our means. More than that, classmates, let us, in the future, consecrate our lives to the cause of Democracy.

The *Sagamore* is nothing if not conventional, and it therefore takes the customary large amount of pleasure in announcing *The Board* for the year 1918—1919:

Editor-in-Chief	Charles M. O'Hearn '19
Business Manager	Thomas W. Taylor '19
Asst. Editor-in-Chief	Conrad Salinger '19
Literary Editor	Margaret Spaulding '19
Asst. Literary Editor	Eleanor Shaw '20
News Editor	Donald Richardson '19
Asst. News Editor	Elizabeth Neal '21
Alumni Editor	Iris Woodman '19
Alumni Editor	Richard Edwards '19
Athletic Editor	Carrol MacPherson '19
Asst. Athletic Editor	Jack Daniels '21
Art Editor	Katherine Shaw '19
Exchange Editor	Ednah Shepard '19
Advertising Manager	Donald Wilbur '20

CLASS POEM, 1918

DORIS NEAL

I sat beside the noisy sea to think,
And meditate upon this world of men.
How some there are, who look to future years,
And, seeing the great good to be derived,
Will gladly give their all in a right cause.
But there are others, who, intent on gain,
Think only of themselves, and only see
A lifeless body on the battle field;
Who have no greater vision of the time
When every man will be the other's friend.
And as I pondered, wondering, disturbed,
The sea became more turbulent and wild.
And ever shriller, wailed the moaning wind,
And ever higher, lashed the white-capped waves
Upon the beach. 'Til now from out the spray
A figure rose, all clad in glist'ning mail,
And riding on a horse of gleaming white.
Within her hand she held a standard high,
On which there was embossed in words of gold
"For Justice, Liberty and Equity."
So sudden on my sight the vision burst
That I could scarcely look for brilliancy.
And hardly saw the grim black form that stood

Below her, and with horrid, vile intent,
Sought ever to besmirch her purity
With mud, and foul uncleanliness, and lies,
She pointed to the growing list of dead,
She showed the women driven from their homes,
She laughed in savage glee, to hear the groans
Of men who suffered in the battle's heat.
And now she cried, "Behold me! I am War!
I take your life and strength, yea, all you have,
And leave you desolate — with nothing gained."
But even as she spoke these falsities,
The maiden on the horse unsheathed her sword,
And held it high, and answer made to Death.
"You take naught from us, save this earthly shell
Which counts for nothing. But you cannot take
The one real life, the soul which spurs us on
To nobler deeds, and loftier ambitions."
And as she spoke, it seemed as tho' the sun
Had given her his rays of dazzling light,
So bright she shone. And now the squalid shape
Of Death began to tremble, and dismayed,
In vain she tried to use her former arts.
But even as she strove, she disappeared
As fog before Apollo's joyful light.
Then turned the horse and rider to the sea.
But just before they passed beyond my sight
They paused a moment, like a ball of fire
On the horizon. Then they too were gone.
And I was left alone. Yet not alone.
For always on the crest, I still could see
The figure of my dream, Democracy.

By William C. Kendrick

I.

On September 14, 1914, we boarded the good ship B.H.S. '18, one of the four members of the world-famous B. H. S. squadron. This squadron was only a training station for raw material. After four years of hard work we would be able to go after the real enemy, the Germans, but just now we had enough to do to withstand the practice attacks of the other three members of our fleet and the overbearing authority of those in high command.

The crew was the largest that had ever made up the complement of any B.H.S. destroyer. It consisted of 122 boys and 127 girls, for at this stage of the war, girls were allowed to enlist in our navy as yeowomen and for culinary work.

Of course we had to have officers on our ship, therefore, after three assemblies in the mess hall, the following were elected to be our superiors for our first year of training: Donald Kerr, Admiral; Doris Neal, Vice-Admiral; Florence Daley, Chief Yeowoman; and Henry Horn, Purser.

To make clear to us that they didn't mean to kill us or injure us in any way in the sham battles, the crew of the B. H. S. '17 invited us to board their ship on November 4 and avail ourselves of the pleasure of their company. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent with entertainment and dancing.

Next we sent our debating team on board the B. H. S. '16. Ridley and Snedden, our representatives, talked their opponents deaf, dumb and blind; thereby getting back safely without a scratch. Incidentally, our swimming team swam so fast in the meet between the four destroyers that the other three destroyers couldn't get their range to sink them. Darling, Sherbrook, Twenstrop and MacMillan represented us here.

When our squadron had shore leave, the baseball nine would play some other service team. Our contribution for this line of sport was Threshie, Garrity, MacMillan and R. Johnson.

Harriet Bridgman and Ridley upheld the honor of our ship by bringing home the bacon in the prize-speaking contest. Thus gloriously did our first year of training end, a year in which many great events happened, most notable of which was the lowering of the discipline mark from D to E, which circumstance, no doubt, kept many of us out of the brig.

II.

When we returned for our second year of preparation, we found that some casualties had occurred among our mates, casualties brought about by the severe hardships of the first year. However, new recruits were present to fill up the vacant places. Out of mere custom we elected the officers to take command of our ship. "Duggie" Collier landed the highest command, with Eleanor Lowe as his assistant. Everett Ryan was elected to hold the money that anyone was foolish enough to give him, while Doris Neal looked after the clerical work.

Early in November we tendered the entering class of the squadron a reception. "Admiral" Collier welcomed the new recruits on behalf of the B. H. S. '18, after which a playlet was presented by members of the B. H. S. '18.

Besides offering Darling as an aid to the swimming team, we supplied "Porky" Flynn, a newcomer in our midst, whose specialty was training on cigarettes and other things to be mentioned elsewhere.

To the other athletic teams we contributed largely: to the football team, Putnam, Garrity, Thompson, Collier and Johnson; to the track team, Spitz and Collier; to the baseball team, Threshie, MacMillan and Johnson.

In was in this year that "Heinie" Horn started his brilliant stage career. With him behind the footlights were Leach and Shapiro.

If the sound of escaping steam were ever heard emanating from the gym, it would be safe to bet your bottom dollar that a race was in progress for the heavyweight championship of the school between "Dynamite" Walker and Belden, with the latter proving to be the dark horse.

Tucker, Putnam and Wogan, all of the B. H. S. '18, delighted the readers of the "Sagamore," the squadron paper, with their enlightening camouflage which appeared therein.

After taking exams for our promotions, we were given a few months' furlough.

III.

Before we entered on our third year of training on October 2, 1916, our furlough had been twice lengthened on account of the infantile paralysis epidemic. We had become upper-classmen and were on the final stretch, the crisis in our career having now passed.

"Dick" Johnson took the helm of our ship for this year, while Doris Neal helped him steer a straight course. Charlotte Stevens was honored with the secretarial office, and Leach, with the ever-envied job of chasing small change out of other fellows' pockets.

The football team was a great success, owing to the presence in the lineup of Johnson, Threshie, Mills and Sawyer, the big guns whom we supplied.

The rapid-fire gunners on the debating team, Shapiro, Leach and Ridley, kept the enemy ducking with their never-ceasing tattoo, but Miss Doan did not allow the reputation of her sex in this respect to be marred.

Darling, Ridley, Flynn and Klein, our submarines, terrorized the enemy by the atrocious manner in which they sank all comers.

We were entertained by the dramatics, in which appeared Doris Neal, Leach, Tucker, Silver, Shapiro, and, of course, "Heinie" Horn.

Snell, Jacobs and Silver, our sharpshooters, were second only to William Tell.

To the messenger corps, the track team, we supplied Nickerson, Hull and Ferguson, three fleet-footed Mercuries.

Our part on the submarine chasers, the crew, was well taken care of by Ridley, Rowe and Xiques.

The squadron baseball nine was greatly strengthened by the playing of Fishel, Dooley and Threshie, three of our mates. Threshie could hit the ball so hard that he was given a special detail to knock 'em out into midocean to frighten away the prowling hostile raiders.

Not content with their job in Admiral Akers' navy, Horn, Mills, Cameron and O'Mealey joined the service of Uncle Sam.

Then came our ten weeks' leave of absence, before we should begin practice for the final battle array.

IV.

We reported again for duty on September 10. In view of the fact that we were to run affairs during this year, we immediately elected our officers. Bart Leach was given the highest honor, with Harriet Gulick as his understudy. Doris Neal was to take the notes of the meetings, a thing which she always forgot to do. Phil Threshie was chosen banker in order that he might use his wonderful power of oratory to place the financial affairs of the destroyer on a firm basis.

We now rule practically the whole squadron. Our members hold the majority on the "Sagamore" staff. Our mates have charge of all the athletic teams and fill all the most important positions calling for executive power.

We had a football team representing our ship that is indeed worthy of mention. In the interclass games, the B. H. S. '19 team had so much confidence in themselves that they came into battle with their port side insufficiently protected. We attacked this spot, boarded their ship, and after an afternoon of severe hand-to-hand, or better, hand-to-face, fighting, we finally led them into port as captives.

Here is our roster for the squadron athletic teams: football, Manager, Dresser; captain, Putnam; team, Joyce, Horn, Threshie, Ridley, Tucker and Nickerson; hockey: Manager, Shapiro; captain, Threshie; Horn; swimming: Captain, Ridley, Threshie and Klein; track: Manager, Kendrick; captain, Spitz; Hull, Morse, Nickerson, Collins and Silver; crew, Captain Ridley, Threshie, Putnam and Rowe; baseball, Manager, Leach; captain, Threshie.

The Senior social, under the direction of Miss Gambril, was a decided success. An innovation this year was the vaudeville acting, in which appeared Xiques, Leach, Tucker, Putnam and Horn, our mates.

Our Christmas furlough was extended on account of the lack of coal to heat the ships. The authorities must have overlooked the fact that we possessed two of the biggest hot-air furnaces in captivity in the persons of Leach and Ridley, who have enough hot air to heat the largest ship afloat.

At this stage of the game Silver, Myers, Robbins and Spitz, four of our fellow-seamen, withdrew from our ranks to take up advanced studies at Technology.

"Heinie" Horn and Company presented "The Man Who Stayed at Home" as the annual dramatics. Miss Neal, Miss Bouve, Miss Kate Atkins, Leach, Tucker and Rowe were also in the cast.

OFFICERS OF THE DEBATING CLUBS, 1918

Harriet Bridgman, U. Archie Ridley, W. Barton Leach, Doris Neal, Elizabeth Sutherland
Miriam Doan Alfred Shapiro

Owing to the good work of the committee, composed of Horn, as chairman, Charlotte Stevens and Tucker, the Senior Dance was a success socially although financially it was a strategic retreat because German spies had been active among the ticket printers.

About this time, after many heated meetings, Miss Twiss was chosen prophetess; Tucker, prophet; Joyce, ivy orator; Kendrick, historian; and Ridley, orator.

Oratory in its different phases was shown in the debate on student government between the girls' and boys' debating clubs. Miss Doan and Miss Bridgman, representing the girls, were beaten by Leach and Ridley.

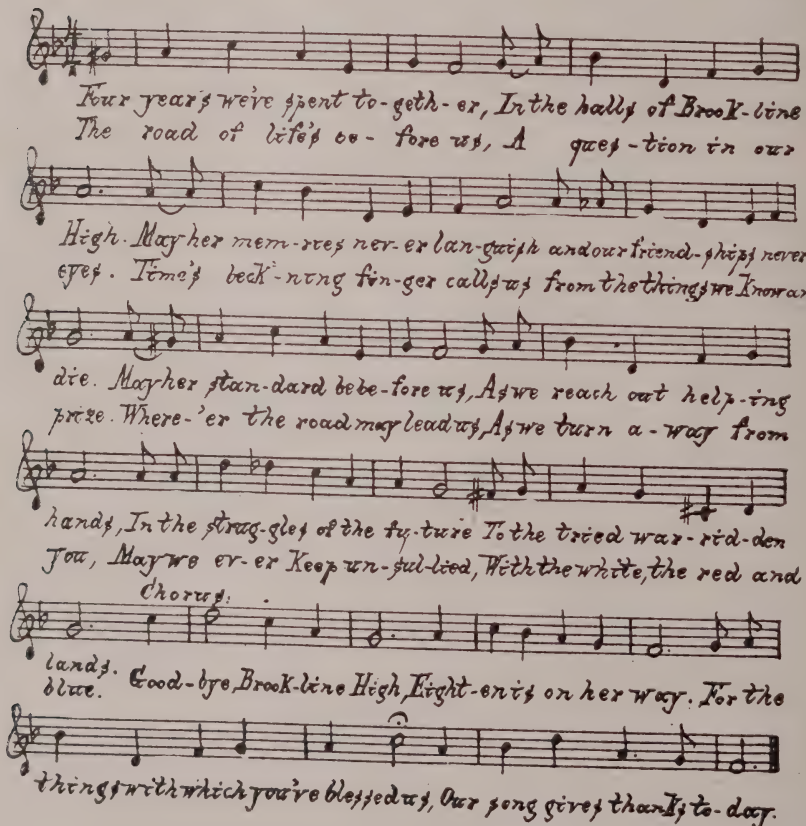
And now may I be permitted to pay a tribute to those boys who were once with us but who are now preparing for the true battle-line, to fight that the graduating classes of the ages to come may have their class days in peace. Those of whom I speak are Herbert Darling, Jr., an ambulance driver on the French front; Francis Xiques, a member of the Canadian cavalry; Walter Klein, at present in training in the aviation school at Dallas, Texas; Ralph Fishel, recently commissioned an officer in the aviation corps; Ralph Lindsay, on convoy duty; and Lawrence Wogan, a mounted orderly in the headquarters company of the 101st Regiment. May success attend upon their every effort.

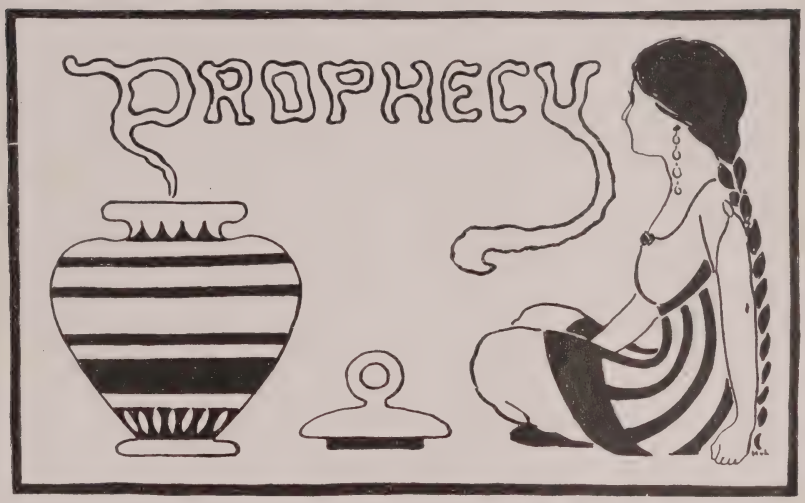
And now Class Day is coming to a close, a day on which the whole world, yea, even the skies, have smiled their approval of our deeds while in training, a good omen of success in the many experiences that are waiting for us. As with all other classes being graduated at this time, ours will be the peculiar privilege of stepping out into a world full of opportunities for service to our country and to the other fellow. When, in years to come, the service flag is flung to the breezes, the blue stars representing the members of this class will not be missing, and if the supreme sacrifice is necessary, the gold stars will also be shining there. Since our past history is so illustrious, may our future be such that all ages may come and adore.

Words by
MIRIAM HUSSEY

CLASS SONG 1918

Music by
C. BARNARD TUCRER, Jr.


Four years we've spent to-geth-er, In the halls of Brook-line
The road of life's be- fore us, A ques-tion in our
High. May her mem-ries nev-er lan-guish and our friend-ships never
eyes. Time's beck-oning fin-ger calls us from the things we know and
die. May her stan-dard be-fore us, As we reach out help-ing
prize. Where-'er the road may lead us, As we turn a-way from
hands, In the strug-gles of the fu-ture To the tried war-rid-den
You, May we ev-er Keep un-sul-lied, With the white, the red and
Chorus.
lands. Good-bye, Brook-line High, Eight-eit's on her way. For the
blue.
things with which you've blessed us, Our song gives thanks to-day.



Enter MOLLY TWISS *and* BARNEY TUCKER *from stage left carrying Papers, Pencils, etc.*

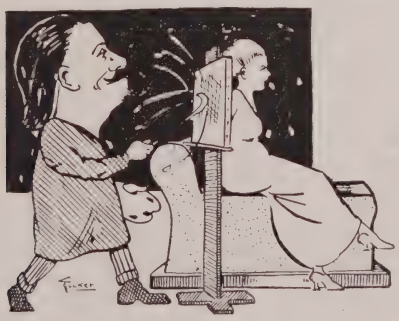
MOLLY. Well Barney, it's about time we finished up this Prophecy, so let's be getting busy, "Bart" Leach wants it for the *Sagamore* as soon as possible.

BARNEY. You said something, Molly. Here is a couple of chairs and a table so let's go to it. (*Both sit down.*)

M. Now, who is the first victim?

B. [*Looking down at paper*] "Wallie" Putnam is the first on my list, what'll we have for him?

MARY E. TWISS
Prophetess, '18



Wallace Putnam and Dolly Wickens

M. There's only one place for him. We'll put him in a studio with the proper environment, and all that sort of thing. By the way, "Dot" Wickens has all the charms of an artist's model, why not let her occupy that seat of honor in his studio?

B. That's great. I'll put it down. Who's next?

M. [*Looking at paper*] Lizette Solomon. We have got to get something about her electric auto.

B. Righto! We will stage a scene having her arrested for speeding, with Paul Nickerson as the cute li'l cop.

"Ned" Joyce, The "Politician"

M. That's fine. Next?

B. [*Looking at paper*] Here's "Ned" Joyce.

M. Well, he always did have the makings of a politician—I guess he'll do fine as the mayor of Boston. Here is a chance to stage a suffrage parade with his Honor the mayor reviewing.

B. That's a good idea. [*Looking at paper*] Put George Belden, Vinton Summers and Thelma McLane as a trio of marchers.

M. Yes, and we might have Harriet Bridgman and Miriam Doan as two energetic young women who will show the public that women are as capable as men in politics.

B. Hooray for the women! What's next?

M. [*Looks at paper*] Let's pick on "Al" Jacobs.

B. "Al" is a chemist, you know. We might associate two other chemistry "bugs," Lawrence Whitcomb and Margaret Ryan, with him, and have them in a laboratory discovering "The relative merits and demerits of lima beans as a breakfast food."

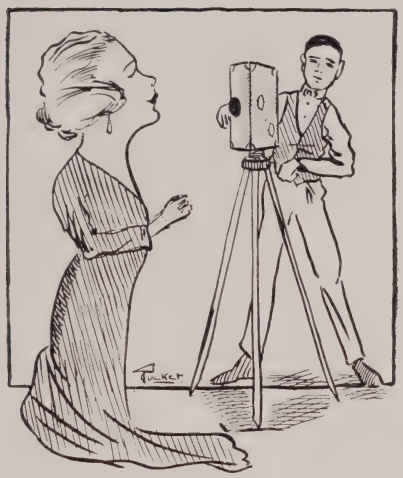
M. I'll put that down. [*Writes.*]

B. [*Looks at paper.*] Here's "Bill" Kendrick.

M. I know where we will place him. Let's have him a representative from Ireland in The House of Commons. All that he knows about Parliamentary Laws would help the Irish people.

B. Wait 'til "Bill" sees that in the *Sagamore!*

M. Now for our three most "versatile" young ladies from Room 26, "Ibbie" McDonald, "Bert" Young and Alice Rizenstein.



"Bertha" Young, Queen of The "Movies"

B. Oh, I've got something swell for them. We'll have a "Movie" studio and have Alice as the "Vamp," "Bert" as the beautiful heroine who has just made up with "Bob" the hero. And "Ibbie" as the petite comedienne being interviewed by Helen Gibbons of the "Screenplay" magazine. How's that?

M. Fine! Now, here is something that I have thought up for John Lacy and Zygler. [*Reading*] "They're in the auto business. Yep, they're making 'em. They have combined the first two letters of their last names in naming the car which is to be known as the 'Lazy' Six. John is going to run a 'jazz' band on the side."

B. That is a wonder. How'd you do it? See what you think of this bunch? "Polly" Moore, "Marje" Hale and Lorraine Wood, all chorus girls in the "Follies" with winsome Draper Hill as the manager of the show.

M. Mentioning Marjory Hale reminds me, here is what I have got for Mary Craig. [*Reads*] "Mademoiselle Craig," proprietor of Craig's Gown Shop on Fifth Avenue with

Mary Craig and Models.

Mary Buckley and Margaret Ahern as models.

B. Mary and her crew ought not to mind that! See what you think of this for an idea? Have Doris Bryant and Beatrice Gaddy as two mail carriers from Coolidge Corner post office. You know they're always carrying notices around the school for Miss Harris.

M. Good stuff! Who's next on your list?

B. "Bill" Kenney.

M. I tell you what we can have him doing.—Running some prominent Boston tailor against the wall by the establishment of a tailor shop with "Herb" Connellan as the perfect "Beau Brummel."

B. Great!

M. By the way, we will have to have someone in our class winning literary fame. How's this? [*Reads*] "Vera Moran has just written a famous diary which is classed even above Pepy's."

B. Yes, it might be a continuation of the one she started last year. It was a peach!

M. Helen Montgomery is going to write a book entitled "How to feed your husband on 50 cents a week." I guarantee Helen does not keep her husband long if that's what she feeds him on. Some day she'll find that he has quietly flown to a world where money doesn't count.

B. Ha, ha! that's clever!—We are not half thru yet. Let's have Henry Horn as a ham actor beating his way over the railroad tracks.

M. I hope that doesn't hinder his ambition. Speaking of the stage, why not have "Turkey" Murphy co-starred

"Heinie" Horn, The Actor

with Franziska Schacht in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Bill always claimed he was just fitted for that part. I can just picture them in the balcony scene. How romantic and all that!

B. You are clever aren't you? What is a good future for "Al" Shapiro.

M. You ought to know that better than I.

B. I've got it. Listen! "Al" will purchase the Orpheum Theatre from Mr. Orpheum and run prize-fights there instead of vaudeville. Not so bad, eh?

M. Fair. Now for the three noisy damsels. How's this? [*Reading*] "Laliah Pingree, Isabel Harvey and Beatrice Cummings started a riot at a pacifist meeting and Theresa Mulvey who runs a millinery establishment was forced to call the police, in order to protect her property?"

B. Here is a chance to bring in "Ray" O'Brien with his ever-faithful pencil and paper taking notes for the "Boston American."

M. Any more?

B. Only about forty-five.

M. Phew—.

B. You know "Dick" Ehrlich?

M. Sure.

B. Well the "bunch" always call him "Ehrlichi." So I have got him on the Russian throne as Czar Ehrlichi.

M. I'll bet he'll be rushin' all right!

B. This way out! Now while we are dealing with history, I have had Adolph Weinzirl and Francis Snell our historians, writing a history of the Mexican presidents as they come and go!

M. That's WRIGHT—[*Looks at paper*]—Now "*right*" after that on the list is Marion Essery with her select school for select children.

B. Who are the teachers?

M. Annie Shields, the French teacher, and Gertrude Mahoney, the English teacher.

B. [*Looking at paper*] Add these to your list of select teachers. Margaret Thatcher, Marion Clark, and "Dan" Brown.

M. How about making "Dan" the select janitor?

B. That is better. Now let's see what are Charlotte Stevens' possibilities?

M. You realize, I suppose that Charlotte will join the matrimonial ranks in a short while? She tells me that she is going to design women's gowns for "Vogue" of which Mary Conneely and Marie Bain are to be editors and "K" Saxe the cover artist.

B. That's a good future for Charlotte, all-right. Say, you know what wonderful pianists "Lucy" Brenner and Alice Huggan are?

M. I do.

B. I'm going to have them in the piano business on Tremont Street. Each to have a store side by side dealing in instruments bearing their names.

M. Some competition! Now for another boy. With all the great athletes in our class we have not mentioned one yet. What's the matter with having James Collins playing second base for the Red Sox? Another Collins wonder!

B. Sure, and here is another addition, Francis Convey as the "silent" manager.

M. We are getting rather scarce of material, Barney, rack your brains for something good.

B. A thought! Helen Wright, Louise Hersey and Grace Davidson as women conductors on the Boston Elevated. The "L" intends to employ the fair sex some day.

M. I see where the "L" loses money.

B. Oh, don't say that! Who is the next person?

M. Ethel Clarke with her public stenographer's office.

B. Put that down.

M. [*Writes and then looks up*] Hazel Smith intends to adopt twenty-five marines. We'll have that against her. While Helen O'Brien and Anna Ford will soon begin drawing up plans for their Sailors' Home.

B. Here is a case where the war won't decrease marriage.—I have got a good one for "Joe" O'Connor. You have heard of O'Connor the grocer?

M. Of course!

B. "Joe" is going into the same business in order to keep up the good name.

M. Good for "Joe."

"Pastey" Rowe Still Piloting

B. And, oh listen, Pastey Rowe, our first crew coxwain, we might have as a pilot of the Chelsea ferry. I will draw a cartoon to that effect for the "*Sagamore.*"

M. There is a future worth while. Speaking of water reminds me, Helen Conway is our only mermaid, she will surely take Annette Kellerman's place at the Hippodrome.

B. You said that you would find out something about Marguerite Lally's future, what did you find?

M. She is going to be a dentist. Extracts money without pain as well as teeth.

B. Good for her,—I've a thought!

M. Be careful!

B. "Ed" Lane is quite a night owl, you know, so a night watchman's job at some Five and Ten Cent Store would fit him fine. Is'nt there someone else to whom we could donate a night position?

M. Pauline Untersee likes to stay up nights fairly well. Place her at the switchboard of the Hotel Lenox.

B. We have gotta' have a dancing school of some sort, name a couple of good dancers from our class.

M. Now let me see. [*Glances at paper.*] Why, Frances Hickey and Barbara Bouvé are our sprightly little nymphs.

B. Good! Now for the music to dance by. A regular "jazz" band.

M. Put Ethel Babbit at the Piano.

B. Harriet Gulick, the cornet.

M. What's the matter with Edwina Kitteridge with the violin?

B. Superb! Now two more and complete the band.

M. Do you think they could see Marjory Smith behind a base drum as a trap drummer?

B. Sure! That's her.—Oh, I just thought, Doris Neal for the second violinist.

M. Some band!

B. Who comes next?

M. It seems Katherine Clarke would make a good editor of the "Beauty Chance Column" for men in the "Boston Traveler."

B. Say, what about having a candy shop competing with Huyler's with Rosamond McCarn in charge?

M. Make it a partnership between her and Mary Hooban. They are both some candy makers!

B. How my mouth waters. And now while on the subject of "eats" I've thought Rose Birkmaier and Marian Mullowny as fitting proprietesses of the lunch counter down stairs.

M. Sure, in ten years they ought to be good cooks! Have you noticed the interest that "Dolly" Atkins takes in French?

B. Yes.

M. She is learning the art of French lecturing in hopes of appearing before college students in that capacity.

B. I hope she succeeds!—We have sort of passed over another clever pianist in our class, one Esther Peters by name.

M. I tell you what we can have her doing,—playing the piano at an out-door meeting of the Salvation Army with Mildred Walker rendering a typical salvation solo and last but not least Helen Murtagh passing the hat.

B. Some trio!—Say, how about a lighthouse-tender's job for Margaret Shea?

M. Oh, that will never do. She can't talk out there.

B. Do you realize what a bunch of girls we have in the class?

M. Yes, I do, but, we are not the only ones short of men, the town is looking for them too.

B. Why not give some of the girls a chance?

M. For instance?

B. Why Anna Finberg and Lieut. Meriel Uncles as a couple of dainty women police.

M. I have got a few here who would keep the "park-bench lovers" on the run, Helen Mitchell and Frances Richardson.

B. Doris Nash told me that Barbara Bowker was a marvel at horse-back riding. A good circus bare-back rider's job would suit her.

M. Now we can work in a trio of gymnasts, noted for their work under Miss Herron.

B. You ought to know who's suited for that.

M. Here goes. "The Three Death Defying Dare Devils of the Air," Florence Edgar, Dorothy Ure and "Kate" Bickford.

B. Of course where Florence Edgar is we must put "Dot" Stimpson, so bill her as the "Charming Charmer of Snakes."

M. Mary Kearns would make a good business manager for the show with her *Sagamore* experience.

B. I might say here that Miriam Hussey and I are going into the song-writing business.

M. Well, any time you need any inspirations call me up and I'll see what I can do for you.

B. Thanks, I'll do that.

M. Now for the grand finale.

B. Wait, we still have some more. Our "Five Letter" man, Phil Threshie for one.

M. With "Phil's" knowledge of athletics he would make a perfect coach for some college. Speaking of "Phil" reminds me that "Kate" Atkins with her ability to play tennis might be a contender for the "World's Championship" in five or ten years.

B. That's so! — Do you remember what a good make-up Heléne Feldman had in "Dramatics"?

M. You bet!

Photo by Alfred Brown.

THE SWIMMING TEAM

Meeghan, Threshie, Mr. Chisholm, Williams, Klein, Donovan,
D. Richardson; Woods, *Capt.*; Ridley; P. Richardson

B. That is a vocation for her. A make-up artist at the Colonial Theatre.

M. That isn't bad!

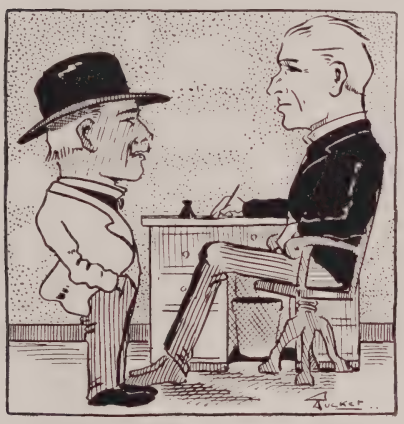
B. You've heard about "Bob" Hull's ambition to be an aviator?

M. No, really?

B. Yes, we will give him his chance in this prophecy.

M. What's the matter with placing Albert Walker as a general in the Army?—He is 'way up in military affairs.

B. That would suit him to a "T", and a good position in the "Camouflage" corps might interest "Regie" Maurer, seeing as he is artistically inclined.



Speaker Ridley and President Leach

M. As a fitting ending to our "Prophecy" we must portray "Bart" Leach as President of the U. S., with "Archie" Ridley as Speaker of the House.

B. And by having the scene a meeting of Congress we can work in Elizabeth Sutherland, Gertrude Henderson, "K" Houghton and Marguerite Rihbarny as women Senators from Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

LEACH [*Interrupting*] Isn't that prophecy finished yet? You know the *Sagamore* isn't a yearly issue, it comes out every month.

M. Yes, sir—here it is. [*Hands him papers.*]

(*Both walking off stage.*)

B. I'll say that was some job!

M. You don't have to tell me that, I'll sleep well to-night.

B. Same here.

(*Off stage left*)

Photo by Alfred Brozen.

BOY'S STATE CHAMPIONSHIP TENNIS TEAM

Roger Kennedy; H. S. Payson Rowe, *Mgr.;* Draper Hill
Philip Richardson; Charles O'Hearn, *Captain;* Donald Richardson

WEARERS OF THE LETTER

FOOTBALL

Putnam
Threshie
Tucker
Ridley
Joyce
Nickerson
Horn

HOCKEY

Threshie
Horn
Putnam
Shapiro

CREW

Threshie
Putnam
Ridley
Rowe

BASEBALL

Leach
Threshie

SWIMMING

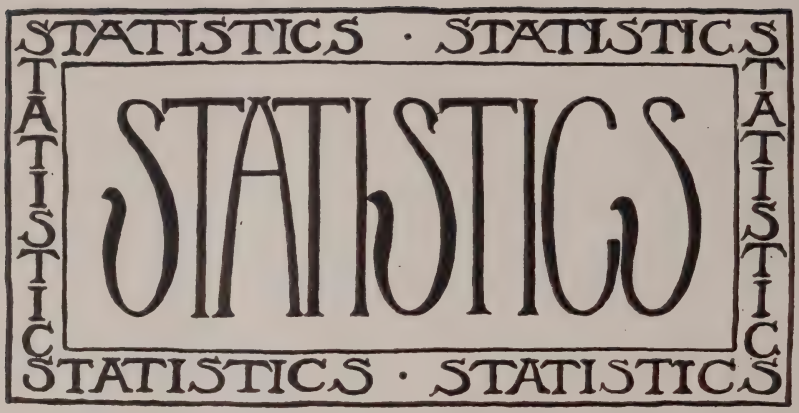
Ridley
Threshie
Klein

TENNIS

Hill
Rowe

GIRLS' TENNIS

Atkins, K.
Craig, M.
Atkins, J.



[Ed. Note: *All claims of injustice will kindly be sent by mail.*]

Most Popular Boy

Phil Threshie and Bart Leach scrapped out the initial event to the last few votes. Here Phil overcame the handicap of having his opponent as vote-counter and pulled ahead by enough to make the decision a sure thing. Ridley and Putnam third and fourth, while Tucker held down fifth place with comparative ease.

Most Popular Girl

In the second race Mary Craig took the lead at the start, kept the pole, and cantered through to a finish. Coming down the stretch neck and neck, Doris Neal nosed out "Johnny" Gulick at the wire. Charlotte Stevens and "Ibee" MacDonald also ran.

Boy Who Has Done Most for B. H. S.

The Sagamore-Debating-Prize-Speaking-Dramatics-Honorary Society combination cornered all but eleven votes for Bart Leach. Of the remaining Threshie took ten and Ridley must have voted for himself.

Girl That Has Done Most for B. H. S.

With the editor not voting, Miriam Doan and Doris Neal tied for first in the big event for girls. The editor continued to re-

frain from voting. "Johnny" Gulick was the only other sign of ambition in sight.

Handsomest Boy

Ah—now. Emerson MacLean tries to keep eyes away from his face by making them look at that green necktie, but there's no chance of camouflaging them c-lassic features. Draper Hill has a complexion like a chrysanthemum and Putnam intends to paint a portrait of Apollo by looking in the mirror.

Prettiest Girl

Harriet Bridgman walked serenely away with the decision of vox populi. "Dolly" Wickens, Marj Hale, and Bertha Young claimed recognition in order.

Most Versatile Boy

Archie Ridley's two captaincies plus his ability to awake the echoes of Shailer Hall rightly demanded a large majority of the votes. Delehanty used to call Threshie an "all round second baseman." Leach and Putnam also do tricks.

Most Versatile Girl

The Doan-Neal combination again received its due reward, taking first and second in order. Harriet Gulick and K. Houghton followed at some distance.

Class Fusser

For some impossible reason of which we are entirely unaware, the long gentleman from Naples road took this event by storm. Horn, Joyce and Putnam had to take back seats.

Class Flirt

Much as we love the li'l ol' Bay State, we've got to admit that Honolulu has a considerable advantage in training for this brand of athletics. Rachel Woods gathers in the men hand over fist. "Bert" Young and Marjorie Hale are apt pupils.

Champion Bluffer

Archie Ridley's ability to come out of Room 25 alive at the end of every sixth period commands the respect of all. Senator

Joyce and Congressman Murphy can also get away with more than they should.

Class Loafer

Ed Lane prefers driving a tin-six to exercising his six feet of anatomy. Klein sleeps eleven hours, and Walker would rather die than run.

Class Grind

Belden has secured a monopoly on the midnight oil, Elizabeth Sutherland and Helen Montgomery were the only ones to offer competition.

Busiest Boy

Tearing around the corridors at 1.30 with a paper in his hand, a pencil over his ear, a fountain pen in his mouth and a worried look in his eye gave this to Bart Leach without a squabble. Archie Ridley has three engagements scheduled for every twenty minutes two weeks ahead, and the winner of third place just barely has time to get up to Mason terrace once in a while, maybe perhaps sometime.

Busiest Girl

Although unable for obvious reasons to put a pencil over her ear without forsaking her dignity and her coiffure, Doris Neal fulfilled the other obligations of the office quite admirably. Some distance in the rear Miriam Doan is seen cutting cake for the Afternoon Socials, while the green grass isn't growing around "Johnny" Gulick.

Best Athlete

"Phil" Threshie began to lose count after he had been awarded twelve B's for membership on the football, baseball, hockey, swimming teams and crew, not to mention a captaincy here and there. Ridley can do anything but hit a baseball, and our old friend Wallace is admittedly "there."

Girl Athlete

"Johnny" Gulick is our most famous Amazon. They don't very often trim "Dolly" Atkins at tennis. Doris and Mary have to divide third honors.

Biggest Talker

The contest for the personification of mouth had to be equally divided between the sexes. Archie Ridley and Grace Davidson claim that, between them, they can have every Senior in jail before morning, and they make no bones about publishing the evidence in all its sordid detail. Klein had to take a seat far in the rear.

Class Sphinx

No one knows whence Snell comes or where he goes. Margaret Thatcher keeps pretty quiet, and Emerson MacLean pussyfoots around the corridors.

Male Sport

HORN

Who said, "What's in a name"?

Female Sport

Mary Craig flashed away with this event without serious competition. Marj Hale was just near enough to see Mary's heels through the dust, while Charlotte Stevens and Rachel Woods looked on in awe.

Class Humorist

In spite of Threshie's recent remarks on Class Day and his averred preference for "Nature's Own," Bart Leach's Tuesday morning ability as a laugh provoker netted him first place. Barney Tucker came a close second, while "Turkey" Murphy's plea for a "constitution" could not be denied third honors.

Best Dancers

Arranged in couples, Mary and Bart, Polly and Heinie,

Bertha and—well, let's grant an exception and let "Bert" pick from the Junior class.

Class Sponge

Grace Davidson has an incurable case of the "gimmes." "Dicky" Ehrlich could borrow a nickel from a clam. Klein is also in the class of those of whom one is born every minute.

Class Gossip

That McLane-Peters combination can transmit more news from Quincy to Brookline and in less time than any telephone ever invented. "Trudy" Henderson and Grace Davidson are also scandal hounds of the deepest dye.

ALPHA PI.

NAME	Scholarship	Captaincies	B. H. S. A. A. and Managerships	Letters	Class offices	Sagamore	Prize Speaking	Debating	Dramatics	Total Points	Points as reckoned for admission
Greatest Number Possible		2	2	2	2	2	2	2	2		12
Miriam Doan, '18	16	–	–	–	–	1	–	2	2	21	8
W. Barton Leach, '18	7	–	2	–	2	2	2	2	2	19	10
Elizabeth Sutherland, '18	13	–	–	–	–	–	–	2	–	15	6
Iris Woodman, '19	$10\frac{5}{8}$	–	–	–	–	1	1	–	–	$12\frac{5}{8}$	6
Philip Threshie, '18	2	2	2	2	1	–	–	–	2	12	8
Harriet Bridgman, '18	$7\frac{1}{2}$	–	–	–	–	–	1	2	–	$10\frac{1}{2}$	7
Conrad Salinger, '19	$7\frac{1}{2}$	–	–	–	–	1	1	–	–	$9\frac{1}{2}$	6
U. Archie Ridley, '18	$1\frac{3}{8}$	2	–	1	–	–	1	2	–	$9\frac{3}{8}$	$8\frac{3}{8}$
Margaret Spaulding, '18	$5\frac{7}{8}$	–	–	–	–	1	–	2	–	$8\frac{7}{8}$	7
Helene Feldman, '18	$6\frac{3}{8}$	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	2	$8\frac{3}{8}$	6
Henry Horn, '18	$4\frac{5}{8}$	–	–	1	–	–	–	–	2	$7\frac{5}{8}$	7
Thomas Taylor, '19	$1\frac{1}{2}$	–	2	2	–	–	–	–	2	$7\frac{1}{2}$	$7\frac{1}{2}$
Wallace Putnam, '18	$2\frac{3}{8}$	2	–	1	1	1	–	–	–	$7\frac{3}{8}$	$7\frac{3}{8}$
Carrol McPherson, '19	$4\frac{3}{4}$	2	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	$6\frac{3}{4}$	6
Charles O'Hearn, '19	$4\frac{5}{8}$	–		2		–	–	–	–	$6\frac{5}{8}$	6
Robert McMillan, '19	$1\frac{1}{8}$	–	2			2	–		1	$6\frac{1}{8}$	$6\frac{1}{8}$

Photo by Alfred Brown.

ALPHA PI HONORARY SOCIETY

Charles O'Hearn, Philip Threshie, Robert McMillan, Wallace Putnam, Carrol McPherson, Thomas Taylor, Margaret Spaulding, Harriet Bridgeman, Elizabeth Sutherland, Conrad Salinger, Henry Horn, Iris Woodman; Archie Ridley; Miriam Doan, *President;* Barton Leach; Helene Feldman.

CLASS DAY—1918

On a program arranged by Dr. Roberts with his customary completeness and executed with the also customary efficiency, the Senior Class celebrated an unusually successful Class Day.

The weather prevented the exercises from being held on June 7, and was threatening a like fate for the tenth, but a little well directed prayer held off the showers long enough for our special purposes.

The outdoor exercises under "Colonel" Partridge and Miss Barnes were very effective. In the athletic events the Seniors carried off all honors, pulling the Juniors and Sophomores off their feet in the tug-of-war, and capturing the relay thru the spectacular running of Ridley and Nickerson. The Ivy Oration was then delivered by Edward Joyce and the Seniors went inside for the exercises in Shailer Hall.

The program follows:

Address of Welcome
W. Barton Leach, Jr., Class President, 1918

Class Oration
U. Archie Ridley, Jr.

Class Poem
Doris Neal

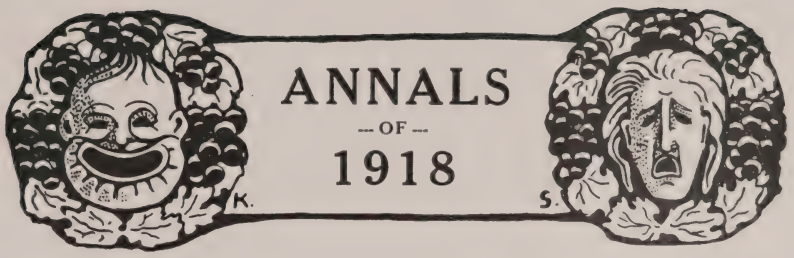
Class History
William Kendrick

Presentation of Ribbons to Relay Winners
W. Barton Leach, Jr.

Class Prophecy
Mary Twiss and C. Barnard Tucker

Transfer of Class Banner to Class of 1921
W. Barton Leach, Jr.

Class Song



BELDEN, GEORGE CLARK, 20 Coolidge Street.

Destination: Harvard.

Favorite Occupations: Tennis, going to theatre.

Greatest Ambition: To enter and graduate from Harvard.

"Up! Up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double!
Up! Up! my friend, and clear your looks,
Why all this toil and trouble?"—*Wordsworth.*

Class Tug-of-war '15, '16, '17; Prize Speaking Chorus '16; Class Day Usher '17; Usher at Graduation '17.

BROWN, DANIEL, 215 Clark Road.

D. Institute of Technology. N. Innocent of any but "Dan."

F. O. Driving Mr. Ford's automatic weight reducer.

G. A. To standardize fish and game laws.

"Men of few words are the best men." *Shakspere.*

COLLINS, JAMES H., 501 Pond Avenue.

N. "Hooper," "Jim."

F. O. Playing ball, running and gym.

"Whose deeds the sporting prints declare."—*Holmes*

Base ball '17; Class football '18; Class track '18.

CONNELLAN, HERBERT W., 20 High Street.

D. Business. N. "Herb," "Paddy," "Irish."

F. O. Dancing, canoeing and farming.

"Enter without knocking,
Remain under the same conditions." *Hubbard.*

Special chorus, Prize speaking '15, '16; Alumni fund committee '18; School farm '17, '18.

CONVEY, FRANCIS J., 24 Juniper Street.

D. Stenographer. N. "Mike," "Con."

F. O. Farming.

"Men are not measured by inches."

Farm Work '17.

EHRLICH, RICHARD A., 42 Beech Street.
D. Harvard. N. "Dick"
F. O. Tennis.

"With just enough of learning to misquote."—*Byron*

Sagamore Reporter '15, '16, '17; News Editor '18; Debating Club '15, '16, '17, '18; Member of Rhetorical Committee '17, '18; Alternate Prize Speaking '18; Library Committee '18; Champion Interclass Debating Team '16; Interclass Baseball '18; Special Chorus '16.

HILL, LEROY DRAPER, 14 Park Street.
D. Harvard. N. Manage without 'em.
F. O. Tennis, Math., Crew,—(Anything that doesn't take brains.)

"I like to wield a racquet,
A good player for to be;
But my favorite occupation,
Is the S. I. G."—*Diogenes.*

Class Football '18; Class Hockey '17, '18; Class Baseball '16, '18; Alumnæ Editor of *Sagamore* '18; Member of Class Day Committee and Marshall '18; Tennis Team '17, '18; Crew '18.

HORN, JR., HENRY J., 1891 Beacon Street.
D. M. I. T. N. "Heinie," "Butts."
F. O. Doing Math., Canoeing.
G. A. To be an actor.

"They go wild, simply wild over me."

Alpha Pi.

Freshman Class Treasurer; Class Football '15, '16, '17; Class Baseball '15, '16; Class Hockey '16; Dramatics '16, 17, '18; Football '18; Senior Dance Committee '18; Hockey Squad '18; Adjutant, Class Day '18.

JACOBS, ALBERT LIONEL, 98 Fuller Street.
D. Harvard. N. "Al," "Jake," "Billy."
F. O. Movies, automobiling, studying, tennis.
G. A. To get in and through Harvard and Harvard Law School.

"My life is one horrid grind." *Dickens.*

B. H. S. Rifle Team '17, '18; Medal '17; Medal for Tournament '18; Medal for second period '18; Lincoln Medal for Mathematics '17.

JOYCE, EDWARD M., 34 Juniper Street.
D. Business. N. "Ned," "Senator."
F. O. Studying
G. A. To convince Ridley to start something.

"In every deed he had a heart to resolve, a head to contrive and a hand to execute."
Gibbon.

Football '17; Class Hockey '18; Class Swimming '17, '18; Ivy Orator '18; Class Day Marshal '18; Captain Tug-of-War '18.

KENDRICK, WM. C., 139 Brook Street.

D. Catholic University. N. "Bill," "Willie"

F. O. Blowing the brains out of a French horn.

G. A. To march down Tremont Street in a regular navy band.

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows." *Wordsworth.*

Class Football '17, '18; Class Baseball '15, '16, '17; Manager of Track '18; Usher Class Day '17; High School Play '18; Graduation '17; Varsity Baseball '17; Member Class Day Committee '18; Member Band and Orchestra; Class Historian '18.

KENNEY, WILLIAM F., 43 Walter Avenue.

D. Worcester Tech. N. "Necky."

F. O. Picking the spots off W. Kendrick's vest.

G. A. To know as much solid geometry as Mr. Case forgot.

"An oasis of silence in a desert of noise."

KLEIN, WALTER J., 10 Beals Street.

D. Technology. N. "Irish," "Murphy."

F. O. Doing math.

G. A. To be an Ace. To dive like Annette Kellerman.

"An abuse of God's patience and the King's English." *Shakspere.*

Swimming Team '17 '18; Class Football '17 '18; Class Baseball '18.

LACY, JR., JOHN M., 27 Juniper Street.

D. Lowell Textile. N. "Jack"

"An earnest heart to strive 'till graced by success."

LANE, JR., EDGAR C., 82 Evans Street.

D. Dartmouth. N. "Ed."

F. O. Studying (?) Latin, speeding.

G. A. To write a correct equation in Chemistry.

"Let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter;
Sermons and soda water the day after." *Byron.*

Special Chorus '14, '15; Usher at Dramatics '17, '18; Class Hockey '18; Usher at Senior Dance '18; Orchestra '18; Class Day Marshal '18,

MORSE, LEIGH, 49 Sumner Road.

D. Business or the Service.

F. O. Driving an auto, tennis, "kidding" Billy Taft.

G. A. To be a respected success in life.

"A proper man as one shall see in a summer's day." *Shakspere.*

Prize Speaking Chorus '15; Glee Club '15; Class Football '17, '18; Class Hockey '17, '18; Class Track '17; Usher at Dramatics '17, '18; Rifle Team '18; Track Team, '18; Usher at Senior Dance '18; Golf Team '18; Tug-of-War '17, '18; Senior Class Day Relay '18; Class Baseball '18; Senior Marshal.

LEACH, JR., W. BARTON, 89 Naples Road.

D. Harvard.

N. "Bart," "Kaiser," "Czar" (last two strictly limited.)

F. O. 25 Elm St., 174 Harvard St., Wollaston. (arranged alphabetically.)

G. A. To supply the Stork with a sense of physical proportion. Gr-r-r, Woof!

"I have always found a little nonsense a capital preparation for a dry and close argument." *William Pitt.*
"Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics." *Sheridan.*

Founder of **Alpha Pi.**

Senior Class President '18; Editor in Chief of *Sagamore* '18; Advertising Manager '17; B. H. S. Debating Club '15, '16, '17, '18; Championship Interclass Team '16; Interscholastic Team '17; Championship Inter-Club Team '18; Vice-President of Debating Club '18; Rhetorical Committee '17; Final Contestant in Prize Speaking '17, '18; Dramatics '16, '17, '18; Treasurer of Junior Class '17; Baseball Manager '18; First Asst. Manager '17; Second Asst. Manager '16; Captain, Red Cross Parade '18; Major, Class Day '18; Manager of Afternoon Socials '18; Chairman of Sophomore-Freshman Reception Committee '16; Inter-Fraternity Dance Committee '18; Sub-Chairman of Alumni Committee '18; Stage Manager of Senior Social '18; Championship Inter-Class Football Team '18; Class Hockey '18; Class Baseball '18; Usher at Class Day '17; Graduation '17; Senior Dance '18.

MAURER, REGINALD A.

N. "Cohen," "Reg," "Shylock."

F. O. Studying Math.

G. A. Be a Farmer.

"Let sweet repose and rest my portion be."

Class Football '18; Class Track '18.

MCLEAN, EMERSON O., 285 Reservoir Road.

D. Harvard or Tech. N. "Mac"

F. O. Woman Hating.

G. A. To be President.

"High erected thoughts, seated in the heart of courtesy" *Sidney*

Class Football '17, '18.

MURPHY, WILLIAM L., 8 Roberts Street.

N. "Congressman."

F. O. Objecting; constitutions.

"Something between a hindrance and a help." *Wordsworth.*

Photo by Alfred Brown. **"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME"**

Payson Rowe, Helene Feldman, Barton Leach, Doris Neal, Barnard Tucker, Lester Stevens, Stanley Buck, Miriam Doan, Barbara Bouve, Stanley Blish, Eunice Morse, Henry Horn, Kate Atkins, Donald Wilbur.

NICKERSON, PAUL U., 49 Warren Street, Needham.

D. Cornell University. N. "Nick," "Kid Nick."

F. O. Doing Math., Athletics.

G. A. To be a Civil Engineer.

"Down from Needham on the 8:15."

Football Team '18; Track Team '17, '18; Class Swimming '17, '18; Class Relay '17, '18; Marshal '18; Class Baseball '18.

O'BRIEN, R. J., 28 Oakland Road.

D. Business. N. "O'B," "Ray."

F. O. Doing algebra and Irish.

G. A. To arrange a debate between Murphy and Leach.

"Books cannot always please, however good, minds are not always craving for their food."

Class Baseball '15; Class Football '17; Class Swimming '18; Football Second Team '18.

O'CONNOR, J. M., 59 Brookline Avenue.

D. Work. N. "Joe."

F. O. Doing nothing.

G. A. To get in the Navy before War is over.

"Silence has become his mother tongue."

Class Football '18.

PUTNAM, WALLACE B., 385 Harvard Street.

D. Art School. N. "Wallo," "Put," "Waldo."

F. O. Arting, Girling, Leaching.

G. A. To paint portraits of B. H. S. Faculty.

"A friend may well be named the masterpiece of nature." *Emerson.*
"My only books were women's looks and folly's all they've taught me." *Moore.*

Alpha Pi.

Class Football '15; Varsity '16, '17; Captain '18; Class Baseball; Class Hockey; Varsity Hockey '17; Crew '18; Art Editor *Sagamore*; Chairman Senior Social Committee; Usher Dramatics; Class Day; Graduation '17; Head Usher, Dramatics and Senior Dance '18; Tug-of-War Team '15, '16, '17, '18; Marshal '18; Relay Team '16.

RIDLEY, U. ARCHIE, 131 Kent Street.

D. Harvard College. N. "Arch," "Itchy."

F. O. Swimming and finding excuses to walk around in study periods.

G. A. To become a past master in the art of camouflage.

"The brilliant chief, irregularly great;
Frank, haughty, rash—the Rupert of debate." *Lytton.*

Alpha Pi.

Gym Team '15; Winner J. Murray Kay prize speaking '15; Member Debating Club '15, '16, '17, '18; Interclass Championship '15; Inter-

scholastic team '16, '17; Secretary-Treasurer '17; Chairman Rhetorical Committee '18; Class Football '17; Varsity Football '18; Class Day Usher '17; Marshal '18; Class Track '17, '18; Tug-of-War '16, '17, '18; Class Orator '18; Class Baseball '18; Swimming Team '17; Captain '18; Crew '17; Captain '18.

ROWE, H. S. PAYSON, 115 Walnut Street.

D. Harvard. N. "Pastey," "Corporal."

F. O. Steering the Crew, Tennis.

G. A. To be coxswain of the Harvard Varsity Crew.

"For oars alone can ne'er prevail,
To reach the distant coast.
The cox's voice must rant and rail,
Or all the toil is lost."

Coxswain Championship First Crew in Exeter Race '16; First Crew '17, '18; Asst. Subscription Mgr. *Sagamore* '17; Advertising Mgr. '18; First Asst. Mgr. Hockey Team '17; Mgr. B. S. H. State Championship Tennis Team '18; Class Baseball '15, '16, '18; Class Track '16, '18; Class Hockey '17, '18; Class Swimming '18; B. H. S. Track Team '18; Senior Class Photograph Committee, B. H. S. Dramatics '18; Usher Graduation '17; Usher Prize Speaking '18; Marshal, Class Day '18.

SHAPIRO, ALFRED, 162 Naples Road.

D. College. N. "Al."

F. O. Getting up in studies to compete in something.

G. A. To have no Latin for tó-morrow; to write a play.

"I would little Latin and less Greek." *Shakspere.*

Debating Club '15, '16; Secretary Debating Club '17; President Debating Club '18; Track Squad '15, '17, '18; Football Squad '18; Class Hockey '17, '18; Class Baseball '18; Class Football '18; Asst. Hockey Manager '17; Hockey Manager '18; B. H. S. Dramatics '16, '17; Athletic Editor of *Sagamore* '18; Interscholastic Debating Team '17, '18; High School Correspondent for "Townsman;" Vice-President Triangular Debating League.

SNELL, FRANCIS A., 74 Davis Avenue.

D. M. I. T. N. "Frannie," "Fran," "Francois."

F. O. Tennis, doctoring machinery (autos, etc.)

G. A. Get Math. done inside of 3 hours; build an auto.

"For weeks, nay for months your class you have led.
Now, what is the reason, I pray?"

Rifle Team '17.

SUMMERS, VINTON, 690 Washington Street.

D. Normal Art School. N. "Vint."

F. O. Art, Music.

G. A. To be a great artist.

"He would not with a peremptory tone,
Assert the nose upon his face his own."

Prize Speaking Chorus '15, '16.

THRESHIE, PHILIP H., 3 Middlesex Road.

D. Dartmouth. N. "Phil," "Dinty."

F. O. Canoeing, fussing.

G. A. Be an athlete in college.

"Ah, Maggie, but there's only one Dinty." *Jiggs.*

Alpha Pi.

Baseball '15, '16, '17; Class Football '15; Capt. Class Baseball '15, '16; Hockey '16, '17, '18; Capt. Class Football '16; Class Hockey '16; Football '17, '18; Class Swimming '17; Undergraduate Member B. H. S. A. A. '17; Property Manager Dramatics '17; Class Treasurer '18; President Athletic Association '18; Stage Manager Dramatics '18; Chairman Class Day Committee '18; Capt. Hockey '18; Capt. Baseball '18; Swimming Team '18; Crew '18; Class Tug-of-War '15, '16, '17, '18; Class Day Usher '17; Usher Senior Dance '18; Major, Class Day '18.

TUCKER, JR., C. BARNARD, 48 Pleasant Street.

D. Business. N. "Barney," "Tucky."

F. O. Wrecking pianos, Movies.

G. A. To be a "regular" Cartoonist.

"God, how that man could play!" *Service.*

Class Football '15; Football '17, '18 (B); Baseball '17; Class Baseball '15; Dramatics '17, '18; Usher Class Day '17; Art Editor *Sagamore* '17, '18; Reporter '16; Class Day Marshal '18.

WALKER, ALBERT, 26 Winchester Street.

D. M. A. C. N. "Dyna."

F. O. Doing Math.

G. A. To get rich and see "Bill" Hart and Mary Pickford every day.

"And what's impossible can't be
And never, never comes to pass." *Coleman.*
"There's an exception to every rule."

Class Football '15, '16, '18; Class Baseball '18; Class Track '18; Class Tug-of-War '15, '16, '17; Class Day Marshal '18.

WEINZIRL, ADOLPH, 2 Foster Street.

D. University of Washington. N. "Ady."

F. O. History.

G. A. To be a Bacteriologist.

"What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper." *Byron.*

WHITCOMB, LAWRENCE, 17 Strathmore Road.

D. Harvard. N. "Bud," "Depper," "Whitty."

F. O. Shooting.

G. A. Get into College.

"Certain as a gun." *Butler.*

Photo by Alfred Brown.

THE CREW

U. Archie Ridley, *Captain;* Philip Bowker; H. S. Payson Rowe, *Cox.;* Philip Threshie; Wallace Putnam.

AHERN, MARGARET, 19 Taber Place.
Destination: Business College. Nickname: "Peg."
Favorite Occupations: Reading and Movies.
Greatest Ambition: Music teacher.
"In books, or work, or healthful play." *Watts.*

ATKINS, JOSEPHINE, 147 Mason Terrace.
N. "Dolly."
F. O. Tennis
G. A. To be as clever as Miriam Doan.
"Sarcasm, although thy first name is undoubtedly Alice, thy second is Josephine."
Mgr. Tennis Team; Property manager of the Senior Social.

ATKINS, KATE, 147 Mason Terrace.
D. Home and Mother. N. "Kit."
F. O. Canoeing, tennis, swimming.
"Kate, like the hazel twig, is straight and slender."
Dramatics '18; Class Day Officer '18; Tennis team '18.

BABBITT, ETHEL H., 29 Bartlett Crescent.
D. Oberlin College.
F. O. Reading a good book.
G. A. Teacher of music in some school.
"Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

BAIN, MARIE D., 18 East Milton Road.
D. Business. N. "Dolly."
F. O. Sporting
G. A. To travel.
"Is she not passing fair? I arsk you." *Shakspere.*

BICKFORD, KATHARINE, 124 Park Street.
D. The world. N. "K," "Bickie," "Muffet," "Kitten."
F. O. Taking junior exams my senior year.
G. A. To be quite a pebble.
"A rolling stone gathers no moss, but it becomes beautifully polished."

BIRKMAIER, ROSE, 7 Mulford Street.
D. Navy as yeowoman. N. "Rosy," "Pidgy."
F. O. Knitting, typewriting.
G. A. To be President's private secretary.
"Sincerity is the face of her soul."

BOUVÉ, BARBARA, 80 Harvard Avenue.

D. Miss Pierce's School. N. "B," "Barbs," "Babs."

F. O. Dancing, autoing.

G. A. To be successful and happy.

"I have no other than a woman's reason. I think him so because I think him so." *Shakspere*

Sophomore Freshmen Social Committee '15; Sophomore Play '15; Patriotic Dance Class Day '17; Afternoon Social Play '18; Dramatics '18.

BOWKER, BARBARA, 51 Gorham Street.

D. The long, long Trail. N. "Bob."

F. O. Dancing, horse-back riding and camping.

G. A. To be an artist.

"'Tis, alas, her modest bashful nature.
That makes her silent." *S. G. Page.*

BRIDGMAN, HARRIET, 151 Davis Avenue.

D. Vassar University of Wisconsin. N. "Ha Ha," "H. B."

F. O. Dreaming, diving, discovering.

G. A. To be a practical idealist.

"She drew out the thread of her verbosity finer than the staple of her argument." *Shakspere.*

Winner of Prize Speaking '15; Debater on Girls' Interscholastic Team '16; Class Day Marshal '17; Secretary of Girls' Debating Club '17; Chairman of Rhetorical Committee for Girls' Debating Club '18; Debater on Girls' Team vs. Boys' Team '18.

BRYANT, DORIS, 1788 Beacon Street.

D. Smith College. N. "Dotty."

F. O. Reading, Dancing.

G. A. To pass all the college entrance exams.

"None but thyself could be thy parallel" *Theobald.*

Class Day Dance '17.

BUCKLEY, MARY E., 44 Cameron Street.

D. Boston University. N. "Molly," "Marie."

F. O. Reading, conoeing.

G. A. To be a lawyer; to vote.

"Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil o'er books consumed the midnight oil?"

CLARKE, ETHEL, 35 Longwood Avenue.

D. Radcliffe. N. "Cicero," "Namgay Doola."

F. O. Making mischief in any form.

G. A. Be a tennis champion and never have to study.

"For satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do."

CLARK, MARION, 234 Harvard Street.
N. "Kid," "Mary Ann."
F. O. Reading, knitting and going to the theatre.
G. A. To be a second Joan of Arc.
"Happy as a clam at high tide."
Ball Drill '15; Marshal Class Day '17; Basketball '15, '16; Prize Speaking Chorus '15.

CLARK, KATHERINE R., 32 Linden Street.
D. Private Secretary. N. "K." "Kid."
F. O. Playing piano, dancing, driving automobile.
G. A. To have brown eyes.
"Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue."

CONNEELY, MARY, 6 Kendall Place.
D. Boston University. N. "May."
F. O. Dancing, canoeing.
G. A. To travel.
"Full many a gem of purest ray serene the dark unfathomed recesses of room 28 conceal."

CONWAY, HELEN L., 17 Cameron Street.
D. B. U. N. "Connie."
F. O. Swimming, reading.
G. A. To become a court reporter.
"Leap in with me into this angry flood, and swim to yonder point."
Ball Drill '15; Girls' Swimming Team '17.

CRAIG, MARY, 1647 Beacon Street.
D. I'll never tell. N. "Mar-r-r-rie," "May," "Molly."
F. O. Tennis, dancing and canoeing.
G. A. To be an aviator.
"Write me as one who loves her fellow men."
Tennis Team '16, '17, '18; Banner Bearer '15, '16, '17, '18; Class Day Dance '17.

CUMMINGS, BEATRICE, 465 Washington Street.
D. Simmons college. N. "Bee."
F. O. Canoeing, playing tennis.
"An ounce of discretion is worth a pound of wit."
German Club '17; Manager High School Octette '17; Prize Speaking Chorus '16; Class Day Dance '17.

DAVIDSON, GRACE, 231 Rawson Road.
D. Radcliffe.
F. O. Reading everything but text books.
"Never taxed for speech." *Lyon.*
Girls' Debating Club '15, '16.

Photo by Alfred Brown.

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Kate Atkins, Miss Herron, Mary Craig,
Mildred Moody, Kathleen Walsh, Josephine Atkins

DOAN, MIRIAM, 35 Claflin Road.
D. Vassar. N. "Tommy."
G. A. To say something clever.

"Her talk was like a stream that runs
With rapid change from rocks to roses,
It slipped from politics to puns;
It passed from Mahomet to Moses."

President of **Alpha Pi.**

Debating Club '16; Rhetorical Committee '17; Interscholastic Debate '17; Prize Speaking Alternate '17; Class Day Dance '17; President of Girls' Debating Club '18; Dramatics '18; Asst. Literary Editor of *Sagamore;* German Play '18; Interclub Debate '18.

EDGAR, FLORENCE J., 48 Kendall Street.
D. Business. N. "Flo," "Floss," "Tish."
F. O. Motoring, canoeing.
G. A. To see the world.

"Industry makes for success."

ESSERY, MARIAN RUTH, 135 Winthrop Road.
D. Boston University.
F. O. Riding.
G. A. To pass Mathematics in College.

"Her voice was very soft, gentle and low,—an excellent thing in a woman." *Shakspere.*

FELDMAN, HELÈNE R. 84 Coolidge Street.
D. Business School. N. "Lany."
F. O. Pretending to be interested in Chemsitry.
G. A. To grow fat! ! ! ! ! !

"She was a scholar, and a ripe and good one." *Shakspere.*

Girls' Debating Club, '15; Class Day Dance, '17; Physics Medal, '17; Dramatics, '18.

FINBERG, ANNA, 67 Kenwood Street.
D. Radcliffe. N. "Nan," "Sara."
F. O. Knitting, Reading, Tennis.
G. A. To get into Radcliffe.

"A quiet tongue shows a wise head."

FORD, ANNA, 780 Boylston Street.
D. To enter business. N. "Ann," "Nancy."
F. O. Roller skating, Rowing, Tennis.
G. A. To be in the swim, travel and to maintain a good supply of sugar.

"Sweets to the sweet."

GADDY, BEATRICE, 68 Chestnut Street.
N. "Bea."
F. O. Swimming, tennis.
Class Day Dance '17; Debating Club '15.

"Speech is human, silence is divine."

GIBBONS, HELEN, 315 Warren Street.
D. Business. N. "Gibbie."
F. O. Reading, day-dreaming, motoring.
G. A. To be a millionaire's heiress.

"A prodigy of learning." *Goldsmith.*

Marshall '17: Christmas Box Committee '18; Girls' Debating Club '18; Inter-Class Debates '18.

GULICK, HARRIET, 77 Addington Road.
D. Oberlin College or "Pine Manor School." N. "Johnny."
F. O. Serving coffee at the Naval Canteen.
G. A. Swim the English Channel, and bugle for the Government.

"Blow, bugle, blow! Set the wild echoes flying." *Tennyson.*

Senior Vice-President '18; Sophomore-Freshman Reception Play '16; Class-Day Dance '16; Girls' Debating Club '16, '17, '18; Girls' Inter-Class Swimming Team '17; News Editor of Sagamore '17; Marshal '17; Orchestra '18; Managing Committee of Afternoon Socials; Chairman Picture Committee '18; Chairman Christmas Box Committee '18.

HALE, MARJORIE, 50 Russell Street.
D. That's a question. N. "Marge."
F. O. Swimming, eating and speeding.

"Still to be dressed as you were going to a feast."

Swimming Team '17; Basket Ball Team '17; Special Chorus '16.

HARRINGTON, MARGARET, 46 Jamaica Road.
D. Simmons. N. "Peggy," "Marge," "Peg."
F. O. Cooking and dancing.
G. A. To become a second Mrs. Vernon Castle.

"A sentimental damsel she who dreams of heroes, bold and free."

Prize Speaking Chorus '16; Debating Club '15; Garden '17, '18.

HARVEY, ISABEL F., 231 High Street.
D. B. U. of Business Administration. N. "Izzie."
F. O. Going in town.
G. A. To go to France.

"We grant, although she had much wit
She was very shy of using it." *Butler.*

HENDERSON, GERTRUDE, 39 Dwight Street.
D. Miss Garland's. N. "Trudie."
F. O. Knitting and dancing.
G. A. To be of service to My Country.

"No comparisons, miss, if you please. Comparisons don't become a young woman." *Sheridan.*

Class Day Dance '17; Debating Club '17; Alumni Committee '18.

HERSEY, LOUISE E., 79 St. Paul Street.
D. Mt. Holyoke. N. "Louee," "Hey."
F. O. Trying to get thin.
G. A. To get something besides "?" in a Latin test.

"She would talk. Oh, Lord! How she would talk." *Fletcher*

Special Chorus '15, '16; Interclass Debating Team '18.

HICKEY, FRANCES, 193 Cypress Street.
N. "Hick."
F. O. Reading and dancing.
G. A. To be a success in life.

"Happy am I; from care I'm free;
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

HOOBAN, MARY, 7 Timon Avenue.
D. Bryant & Stratton. N. "Hooby," "Meg."
F. O. Fiddling, swimming and reading.
G. A. To see the right to vote granted to women.

"She doeth little kindnesses which most leave undone, or despise." *Lowell.*

HOUGHTON, KATHARINE, 11 Manchester Road.
D. Smith. N. "K," "Pewee."
F. O. Writing letters to ———
G. A. To catch a millionaire.

"She is a bonny wee thing." *Burns.*

Special Chorus '15, '16; Manager Girls' Swimming Team, '17; Basket Ball '17; Class Day Dance '17; Alumni Editor Sagamore '18.

HUGGAN, ALICE, 1768 Beacon Street.
D. Radcliffe. N. "Huggie."
G. A. To get into Radcliffe and stay there.

"Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and danced and talked and sung."

HUSSEY, MIRIAM, 48 Harrison Street.
D. Vassar. N. "Mim," "Jimmy."
F. O. Reading, swimming and tennis.
G. A. To be "in the Navy now"; "to have money enough to give the Town a new High School."

"A good poet's made as well as born." *Tennyson.*

Ball Dance, Class Day '15; Marshal '17. Class Day; Debating Club '15, '16, '17, '18; Author—words of Class Song.

KEARNS, MARY, 643 Chestnut Hill Avenue.
D. Boston University.
F. O. Reading and swimming.
G. A. To have my own car.

"Sing, riding's a joy! For me I ride." *Browning*

Bookkeeper Sagamore '18.

Photo by Alfred Brown.

THE HOCKEY TEAM

Homer Faulkner, Hollis Whittemore, Sargent Collier, "Red" Mahan, Henry Horn,
Charles O'Hearn; Philip Threshie, *Captain;* Alfred Shapiro, *Manager*

KITTREDGE, EDWINA, 69 Cypress Street.
D. Vassar College. "Eddy," "Kitty," "Puss."
F. O. Trying to make myself think I'm wicked.

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long." *Charles Kingsley.*

Marshall '17.

LALLY, MARGUERITE M., 320 Clyde Street.
D. Business. N. "Peg," "Rita."
F. O. Eating.

"To eat, and to drink, and to be merry."

MACDONALD, ISABEL, 32 Atherton Road.
D. Miss Pierce's School of Shorthand. "Ibby."
F. O. Tennis, arguing and dancing.
G. A. To be tall! ! ! ! !

"Brevity is the soul of wit."

Special Chorus '15, '16; School Banner Bearer '16; Flag Dance, Class Day '17; Picture Committee '18.

MACLEAN, THELMA, 138 Davis Avenue.
D. Miss Bouve's. N. "Jon-Jon"
F. O. Talking and dancing.
G. A. To be a lady of leisure.

"She burns to tell the next she talks with, what she learns." *Conington.*

Debating Club '16, '17; Class Day Dance '17; Special Chorus '17.

MAHONEY, GERTRUDE, 32 Brook Street.
D. Boston University. N. "Gert."
F. O. Skating, motoring.
G. A. To get the best out of life.

"A merry heart goes all the day." *Shakspere.*

MCANDREW, MARY E., 14 Hillside Road.
D. Radcliffe.
F. O. Knitting, riding and doing physics.
G. A. To meet Huggie ten years from now.

"She spends a happy time with little care."

MCCARN, C. ROSAMOND, (?) Clyde Street.
D. Pratt Institute, N. Y. N. "Rasu."
F. O. Sewing and reading.
G. A. To do war work.

"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed,
and some few to be chewed and digested." *Bacon.*

MITCHELL, HELEN V., 771 Heath Street.
N. "Mitch."
F. O. Dancing.
G. A. To enjoy life.

"When you dance, I wish you a wave o' the sea,
that you might ever do nothing but that." *Shakspere.*

MONTGOMERY, HELEN, 14 Cameron Street.
D. Boston University. N. "Hiene," "Monty."
F. O. Finding the number of calories in a corn muffin.
G. A. To become a lawyer.

"So careful of the type she seems." *Tennyson.*

MOORE, PAULINE, 1339 Beacon Street.
D. Miss Wheelock's. N. "Polly"
F. O. Writing letters.
G. A. Reconstruction work in France.

"'Tis said that absence conquers love,
But oh, believe it not.
I've tried alas, its powers to prove.
But thou art not forgot." *F. W. Thomas.*

Tennis; Mandolin Club '16; Swimming; Senior Social Committee '18; Debating '18; Basket Ball '15.

MORAN, ELVERA FLORENCE, 57 Longwood Avenue.
D. Henry W. Savage, Coolidge Corner. "Vera."
F. O. Playing piano and dancing.
G. A. To be an organist, to be a brunette, get a wallop at the Kaiser

"I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Played piano for school orchestra '18.

MULLOWNEY, MARION, 298 Boylston Street.
D. Business.
F. O. Swimming, dancing and sporting.
G. A. To be a yeowoman.

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea."

Special Chorus '16.

MULVEY, TERESA, 24 Chestnut Street.
D. Business College. N. "Tessie."
F. O. Singing, dancing and canoeing.
G. A. Be successful.

"I do but sing because I must."

MURTAGH, HELEN, 9 Mulford Street.
D. Stenographer. N. "Brownie."
F. O. Crocheting and farming.

"Rich soils are often to be weeded." *Bacon*

NEAL, DORIS, 25 Elm Street.
D. Vassar.
F. O. Walking, talking and taking pills.
G. A. To act at the "Copley."

"The Lord could have made a nicer girl than Doris; but He never did."

Vice President of Class '15, 17; Secretary '16, '18; Special Chorus '15, 16; Floater Sophomore-Freshman Reception; Sophomore Play; Prize Speaking Finals '15, 16; Debating Club '15, '16; Vice President '17, '18; Inter-Scholastic Debating Team '16; Dramatics '17, '18; Girls' Swimming Team '17; German Club '17; Interclass Debating Team (Winners) '18; Horn Stock Co. '18; Banner Bearer '15, '17, '18; Committee in charge of Christmas Boxes '18; Exchange Editor, Sagamore '18; Class Day Dance '16, '17; Class Day Committee '18; Chief Marshal Red Cross Parade '18.

O'BRIEN, HELEN, 778 Boylston Street.
D. College of Business Administration. N. "O'B."
F. O. Swimming and dancing.
G. A. To have a good time.

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PETERS, ESTHER, 41 Brook Street.
D. Radcliffe College. N. "Pete," "Peter."
F. O. Talking.
G. A. Get in Radcliffe and stay there.

"Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum." *Virgil.*

Girls' Debating Club '15, '16, '17, '18; Special Chorus '15, '16.

PINGREE, LALIAH, 60 Gorham Avenue.
D. Wellesley College.
F. O. Skating and walking.

"I love tranquil solitude,
And such society as is quiet, wise and good." *Shelley.*

REIZENSTEIN, ALICE M., 20 Stedman Street.
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"But give me a shy flirtation by the light of a chandelier,
With music to play in the pauses, and nobody very near." *Willis.*

Debating Club '15, '16; Class Day Dance '17; Alumni Committee '18

RICHARDSON, FRANCES, 43 Lancaster Terrace.
N. "Franc," "Frankie."
G. A. Go into the Navy.

"I'll be merry, I'll be free,
I'll be sad for nobodee."

Photo by Alfred Brown.

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D. Vassar College. N. "Friskie."
F. O. Working in the stock room.
G. A. Meet Miss S at a musical comedy.

"Woman's at best a contradiction still." *Page.*

Ball Drill '15; Special Chorus '15, '16; Marshal '17; German Play '18; Members Girls' Debating Club '15, '16, '17, 18.

SHEA, MARGARET, 92 Dudley Street.
D. Pratt Institute, N. Y. N. "Peg," "Peggy."
F. O. Canoeing, swimming and motoring.
G. A. To see the Kaiser at Franklin Park.

"Plough the watery deep."

Girls' Debating Club '15, '16.

SMITH, HAZEL, 16 Claflin Road.
F. O. Tennis and dancing.

"Come and trip it as you go,
On the tight fantastic toe." *Milton.*

SMITH, MARJORIE C., 21 Addington Road.
D. Wellesley. N. "Smitty," "Marj."
F. O. Tennis and autoing.
G. A. Have my own car and go to California in it.

"I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in others."

Special Chorus '15, '16; Basket Ball '17.

SOLOMON, LIZETTA, 90 Abbotsford Road.
D. Conservatory of Music. N. "Liz."
F. O. Driving the "carpet-sweeper".
G. A. To drive an automobile.

"Soft is the music that would charm forever."

STEVENS, CHARLOTTE L., 19 Shailer Street.
N. "Babe," "Char."
F. O. Driving, swimming and getting engaged.

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant too, so think on." *Brennvralt.*

Banner Bearer for Class Day '15, '16; Class Day Marshal '17; Class Secretary '17.

STIMSON, DOROTHY, 356 Harvard Street.
D. Business. N. "Dot," "Dotty Dimples."
F. O. Movies.

"I have immortal longings in me."

Class Day Marshal '17.

SUTHERLAND, ELISABETH, 27 Elm Street.
D. Radcliffe. N. "Redhead."
F. O. Going to walk with Spider.
G. A. To be worth $5000 a year—and get it.

"Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easier on his feet." *Jenson.*

Debating Team '16; Marshal Class Day '17; Secretary Girls' Debating Club '18; Ball Dance '15.

THATCHER, MARGARET, 257 Warren Street.
D. Normal School. N. "Peg."
F. O. Skating, swimming and motoring.
G. A. To travel over the world.

"Oh why should life all labours be?"

Debating Club '16, '17; Prize Speaking Chorus '16.

TWISS, MARY E., 593 Heath Street.
D. Work. N. "Molly."
F. O. Dancing and playing the piano.
G. A. To be a Red Cross Nurse.

"What say the prophets?"

Special Chorus '15, '16; Class Prophetess '18.

UNKLES, MERIEL HILDA, 4 Perry Street.
D. Nurse. N. "Mollie," "Unkie."
F. O. Scouting and dancing.
G. A. To travel.

"But oh, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight."

URE, DOROTHY LOUISE, 57 Harris Street.
D. Miss Wheelock's Kindergarten School. N. "Say," "Pesto."
F. O. Dashing around and lending pencils.
G. A. To get away with a "phony" gym excuse.

"It's good to be merry and wise. It's good to be honest and true." *Burns.*

Special Chorus '15, '16; Debating '15, '16, '17, '18; German Play '18.

WALKER, MILDRED, 133 Westbourne Terrace.
D. Miss Pierce's School. N. "Bunny," "Millie."
F. O. Making up "work" and knitting.
G. A. To do something worth while.

"With too much quickness ever to be taught."

Class Day Dance '15, '17.

WICKENS, DOROTHY, 1212 Boylston Street.
D. Business. N. "Dolly," "Dot."
F. O. Swimming and canoeing.
G. A. To be short.
"A daughter of the gods, divinely tall and most divinely fair." *Tennyson.*
Class Day Marshal '17.

WOOD, LORRAINE B., 24 Brook Street.
F. O. Tennis, swimming and dancing.
G. A. To ride horseback.
"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear."
Debating Club '17, '18.

WRIGHT, HELEN CECELIA, 47 Vernon Street.
D. Framingham Normal School.
F. O. Reading
G. A. To travel.
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F. O. Looking innocent and getting fussed.
G. A. To be 21 and have my dreams come true.
"I cannot check my maiden blush, my color comes and goes." *Kipling.*
Special Chorus '15, '16; School Banner Bearer '16; Class Banner Bearer '17; Flag Dance, Class Day '17; Alumni Committee '18; Red Cross Banner Bearer Class Day '18.

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